

BOOK

OF



THE QUEEN'S
FÊTE.

WITH GUIDE
AND PROGRAMME.

PRICE 2/6



Mappin & Webb Ld.

(MAPPIN BROTHERS
INCORPORATED)

ACTUAL MANUFACTURERS.

SUPPLY THE PUBLIC DIRECT.

SILVERSMITHS BY APPOINTMENT



TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

2, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

158 to 162, OXFORD STREET, W.

—220, REGENT STREET, W.—

JOHANNESBURG.

MANCHESTER.

NICE.

PARIS.

SHEFFIELD.

Specialists in

Gems,

Watches,

Clocks,

Dressing Bags,

Sterling Silver,

and

Princes Plate (Regd.),

THE WORLD'S FINEST SUBSTITUTE FOR STERLING SILVER.

DIAMONDS



By Appointment to
H.M. the King.

THE Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company, Ltd.,

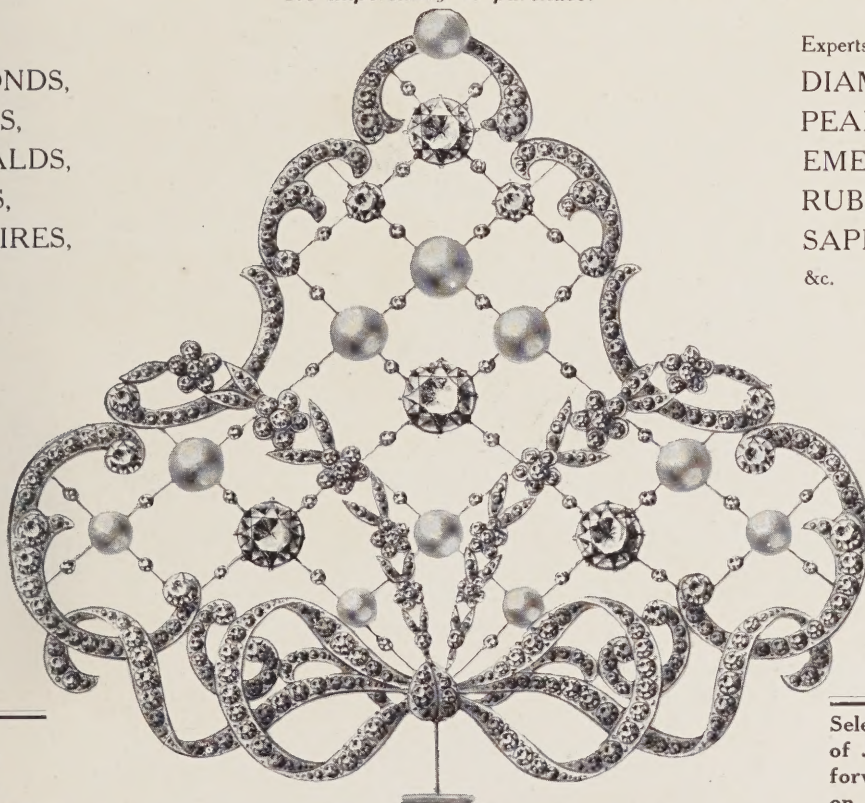
Invite inspection of the Choicest Stock in the World of
Diamond and Gem Tiaras, Necklaces, Pendants, Rings,
Earrings, Brooches, Bracelets, &c.,
from £40 to £20,000.

No importunity to purchase.

Experts in
DIAMONDS,
PEARLS,
EMERALDS,
RUBIES,
SAPPHIRES,
&c.

Experts in
DIAMONDS,
PEARLS,
EMERALDS,
RUBIES,
SAPPHIRES,
&c.

Choice
Selection
of
Jewellery
for
Presents
from 25/-



A Choice
Selection
of New
Designs
for Bridal
Gifts
from 25/-

New
Illustrated
Catalogue
of Jewellery
Post Free.

Selections
of Jewellery
forwarded
on Approval
Carriage Paid.

Fine Diamond and Pearl Head Ornament.
Awarded NINE GOLD MEDALS, and the GRAND PRIX, PARIS, 1900.

THE

Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company

with which is incorporated the Goldsmiths Alliance, Ltd. (A. B. Savory & Sons), late of Cornhill. Ltd.

Showrooms: 112, Regent Street, London, W.

*"THE QUEEN
OF
TABLE WATERS."*

Apollinaris

*Under
Royal Warrants of Appointment
to
His Majesty the King
and
H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.*

BY ROYAL



APPOINTMENT.



THE PANTHEON, OXFORD STREET, LONDON. A.D. 1772.

The Pantheon has for nearly half a century been used by W. & A. GILBEY as their principal office.

W. & A. Gilbey's Wines and Spirits

include the choicest and most expensive varieties. All their brands are guaranteed absolutely genuine, and are supplied by Agents in every town.

<u>Claret</u> , Chateau Loudenne, <u>Grand Vin</u> . The produce of Gilbey's own Vineyards -	-	Per Bottle	2/-
<u>Port 84</u> . Fine Light Tawny Port. 12 Years Old in Cask -	- - - -		3/-
<u>Rubicon</u> , Red Australian Burgundy, in Flagons -	- - - -		2/-
<u>Spey Royal</u> , Pure Malt Scotch Whisky, in Amber Bottles. Choicest and Oldest Procurable	-		4/-

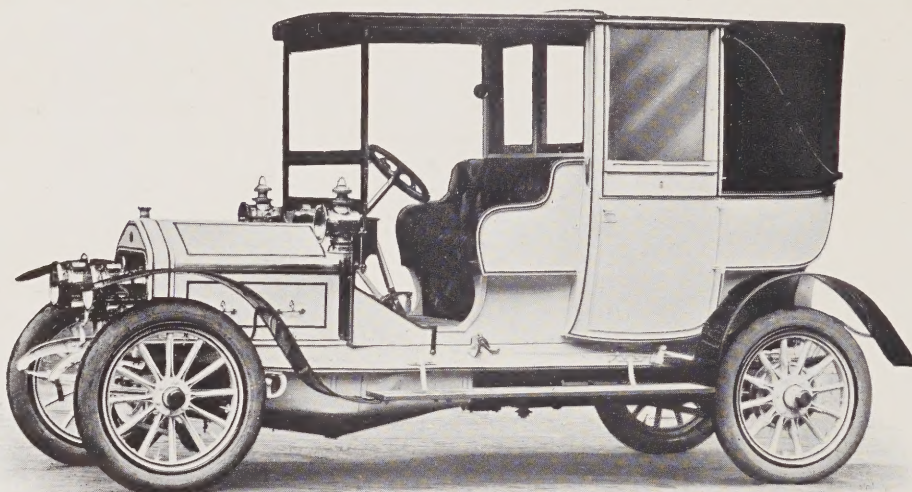
By
Appointment



to
H.M. the Queen

Siddeley Autocars

HOLD
WORLD'S RECORD FOR RELIABILITY



30 H.P. SIDDELEY LANDAULETTE

AS SUPPLIED TO
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

SILENT. EASY RUNNING. PERFECT CONTROL

CATALOGUES	THE WOLSELEY	TOOL AND	MOTOR	CARS
POST FREE	CAR COMPANY, LIMITED			FOR
ON	YORK STREET, WESTMINSTER, LONDON, S.W.			
APPLICATION	And at 76, DEANSGATE, MANCHESTER			IMMEDIATE
	TELEPHONE: 831 VICTORIA		WORKS: Adderley Park, Birmingham, and	DELIVERY
	TELEGRAMS: SIDLETH LONDON		Crayford, Kent	

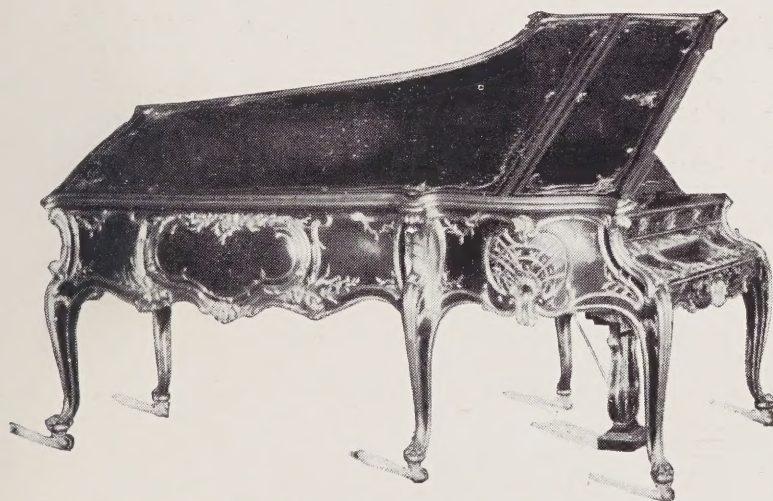
BY APPOINTMENT.

Established
1780.Established
1780.

ERARD PIANOS and HARPS.

Messrs. Erard have just introduced a new Upright Iron Frame Overstrung Piano listed at Sixty Guineas, designed to meet the demands for a Pianoforte having the musical characteristics of the well-known Erard Grands. The tone quality of this instrument is everything that can be desired. The power is remarkable, taking into consideration the comparatively small size of the instrument, and this is a great advantage to those whose music-room is of small dimensions.

Messrs. Erard are the Pioneers of Decorated Pianos in all styles, possessing greater facilities than any other House to manufacture Instruments in cases true to various periods.



Louis XV. Piano in Kingwood with Marqueterie of Tulipwood. The Ormolu mounts are of exceptional richness, and mercurially gilded.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE
CONTAINING ALL
INFORMATION.



Makers by Special
Appointment to

His Majesty The King.
Her Majesty The Queen.
H.R.H. The Prince of Wales.
H.R.H. The Princess of Wales.
H.I.M. The Emperor of Russia.
H.M. The King of Siam.
H.I.M. The Emperor of China.
H.M. The Queen of Italy.
H.I.M. The Empress Eugénie.

S. & P. ERARD, 18, Great Marlborough St., London, W.



By Appointment to
His Majesty the King.

An Exceptional Opportunity.

CAPPER, SON & CO.



By Appointment to
H.R.H.
The Prince of Wales.

Having purchased the whole of the High-class
Linen and Table Damask Stock and Lease of
Messrs. FAULDING, STRATTON & Co., of

67, NEW BOND STREET, W.,

Offer this valuable and unique Stock of Fine Household Linens for
immediate sale on the premises,

67, NEW BOND STREET, W.,

At the substantial Reduction of from

25 to 40 per cent. off regular prices.

All goods plainly marked showing the Immense Reduction in price.

SALE NOW PROCEEDING

At 67, New Bond Street, W.

Fine Table Damask and Napkins; Hemstitched and Plainly-Hemmed Linen
Sheets and Pillow Cases; Household Linens of every description; Fine Hand
Embroidered Linen and Muslin Bedspreads; Dainty Embroidered Tea Cloths
and Sideboard Cloths; Clear Lawn and Embroidered Handkerchiefs in Immense
Variety; Choice Scotch and Swiss Muslin Curtains,

At Genuine Sale Prices.

***Entire Stock of over £9,000 must be Sold prior to
extensive alterations.***

SALE CATALOGUE POST FREE.

CAPPER, SON & CO., LTD.,

Linen Drapers to H.M. the King and to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

**Successors to FAULDING, STRATTON & CO.,
67, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.**



J. Duvelleroy,

*Fan Manufacturer
by Appointment,*

**167, REGENT ST.,
— LONDON, W. —**

The Largest, Cheapest,
and Most Artistic Col-
lection of Modern and
Antique Fans in the
— World. —

**NOVELTY IN SILK
SPANGLED OPERA
BAGS AND RETICULES.**

J. C. VICKERY,

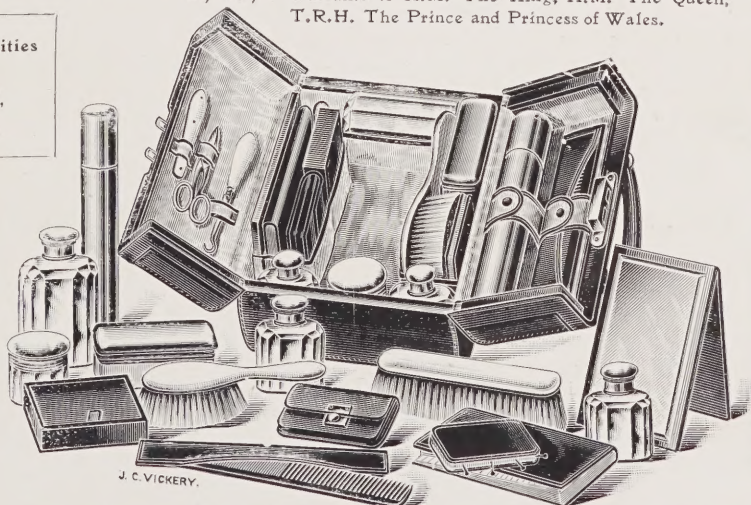
179, 181, 183, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.

Novelties and Exclusive Specialities
in all Departments for
**WEDDING, BRIDESMAIDS',
BIRTHDAY, and other Gifts.**

*Manufacturer of Fitted Dressing Cases,
Suit Cases, High Class Leather Goods,
Gold and Silver Ware, Jewellery.*

By Royal Warrants to H.M. The King, H.M. The Queen,
T.R.H. The Prince and Princess of Wales.

Jewellery. Watches. Clocks.
Gold and Silver Ware. Fans.
Opera Glasses. Tortoiseshell.
Buhl. Hand Bags. Purses.
Dressing Cases. Suit Cases.
Jewel Bags. Writing Cases.
Cigar and Cigarette Cases.
Tea and Luncheon Cases.
Writing and Work Tables.
Card and Liqueur Tables.



VICKERY'S SUCCESSFUL MINIATURE MOTOR BAGS FOR LADIES.

In charming shades of Morocco, fitted Silver, Silver Gilt, and Solid Gold, from £5 to £50.



MERCÉDÈS



On Wednesday and Thursday, the 1st and 2nd May, a Standard Mercédès Touring Car accomplished the run from LONDON to MONTE CARLO in 29hrs. 20min. This splendid performance beats the previous best time by no less than $4\frac{1}{4}$ hours. The time occupied by the MERCÉDÈS from BOULOGNE to MONTE CARLO— $23\frac{1}{2}$ hrs.—has not been approached by any other attempt.

MONTE CARLO RECORD

H.M. EDWARD VII.,
King of England.

H.M. WILHELM II.,
German Emperor.

Patronized
by ROYALTY:

H.M. LEOPOLD,
King of the Belgians.

H.M. CARLOS,
King of Portugal.

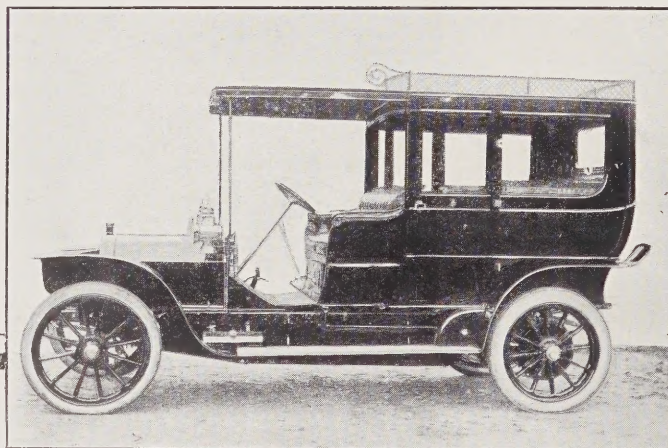
IMMEDIATE DELIVERY

can be given of

20/25 H.P., 35 H.P. and 45 H.P. Models

fitted with Landauette and Limousine Bodies.

Full particulars of any of our latest models will be given with pleasure. Call and inspect them at our New Showrooms, Mercédès Buildings, Long Acre, W.C. "London's most princely Motor Showrooms."



Sole Importers:

**Ducros
Mercédès,**
Ltd.,

*Mercédès
Buildings,
Long Acre,
London, W.*

ALLIANCE

ASSURANCE COMPANY,

LIMITED.

Head Office: BARTHOLOMEW LANE, LONDON, E.C.

Established 1824.

Accumulated Funds, 16 Millions Sterling.

DIRECTORS.

The RIGHT HON. LORD ROTHSCHILD, G.C.V.O., *Chairman.*

Charles Edward Barnett, Esq.
 Right Hon. Lord Battersea.
 F. Cavendish Bentinck, Esq.
 A. V. Dunlop Best, Esq.
 Francis Augustus Bevan, Esq.
 Percival Bosanquet, Esq.
 Hon. Kenelm P. Bouverie.
 Thomas Henry Burroughes, Esq.
 Francis William Buxton, Esq.
 John Cator, Esq.
 Right Hon. Victor C. W. Cavendish, M.P.
 Col. the Hon. Everard C. Digby.
 Major-Gen. Sir Arthur Ellis, G.C.V.O., C.S.I.
 James Fletcher, Esq.
 John Hampton Hale, Esq.
 Max Hecht, Esq.

C. Shirreff Hilton, Esq.
 W. Douro Hoare, Esq.
 Alfred H. Huth, Esq.
 Alex. Lawrie, Esq.
 Francis A. Lucas, Esq.
 Hon. Henry Berkeley Portman.
 Hon. L. Walter Rothschild, M.P.
 Hon. N. Charles Rothschild.
 Sir Marcus Samuel, Bart.
 H. Melvill Simons, Esq.
 Hugh Colin Smith, Esq.
 Right Hon. Lord Stalbridge.
 Lieut.-Col. F. Anderson Stebbing.
 Henry Alexander Trotter, Esq.
 Right Hon. the Earl of Verulam.
 Sir Charles Rivers Wilson, G.C.M.G., C.B.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

PREMIUMS.—The rates of premium charged are below the average rates of British Offices.

EXPENSES.—The total annual expenses, including commission, charged to the Life Department are restricted to 10 per cent. of the nett premiums.

PROFITS.—Policy-holders assuring with profits receive four-fifths of the total profits derivable from the Company's Life Department. These profits are large, and at the last two valuations have permitted reversionary bonuses in the new series to be declared at the rate of 30s. per cent. per annum on sums assured and on previous bonuses. The next valuation will be made after December 31, 1908.

LIFE, FIRE, MARINE, ACCIDENT, BURGLARY, and LEASE-HOLD and CAPITAL REDEMPTION POLICIES are granted on Favourable Terms.

The Home Fire Business of the Alliance is in excess of that of any other Company.

For full particulars apply to any of the Company's Offices or Agents.

ROBERT LEWIS, *General Manager.*

SPRATT'S PATENT,

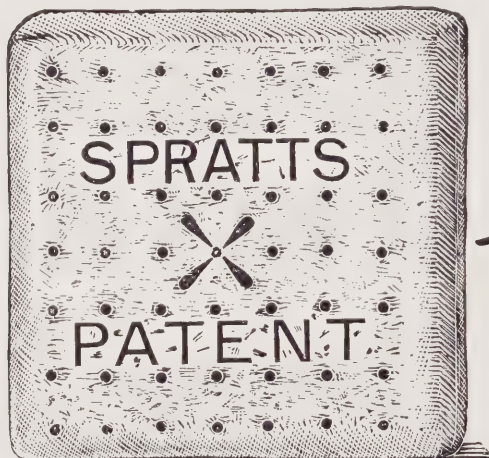


LIMITED,

Purveyors of Dog Biscuits,
Game Foods, and Incubators

To H.M.
King Edward the VII.

Do not
accept
imitations
said to be
"Just as
good as
SPRATT'S."



See
each
Dog Cake
is
so
stamped.



IF YOU KEEP A PET write for Post Free Pamphlets on these subjects—

- "Management of Dogs and Puppy Rearing."
- "Rabbit and Cavy Management and Feeding."
- "Canary and Cage Bird Rearing."
- "Chicken and Poultry Feeding and Management."
- "Pigeon Rearing."

KINDLY MENTION WHICH PAMPHLET
REQUIRED.



If any difficulty in procuring our Goods locally, please write us. Address postcard—

SPRATT'S PATENT, LTD.,

Head Office and Appliance Show Rooms : 24 & 25, Fenchurch St., London, E.C.



Charles S. Windover & Co.,

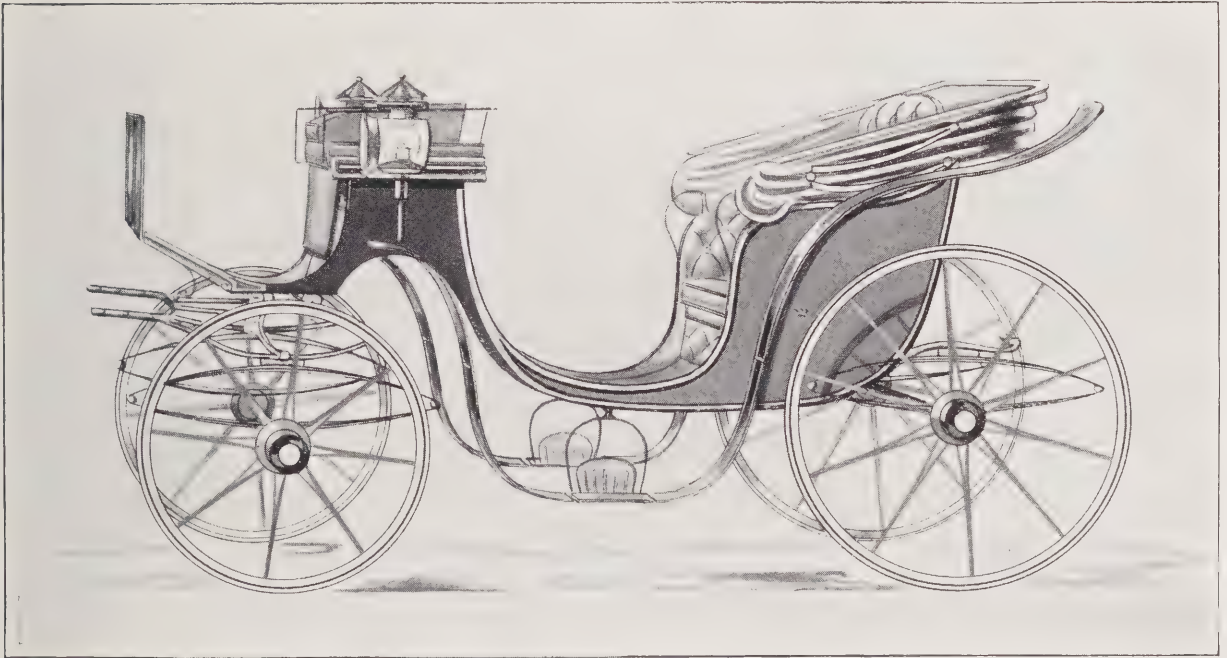
LIMITED,

The Original and World-Renowned Firm of WINDOVER'S,
Of London and Huntingdon.

Coachbuilders by Special Appointment to His Majesty King Edward VII.
 and to His Majesty King Haakon of Norway.

30, Long Acre, and 95, New Bond Street, LONDON.

Manufactory: HUNTINGDON, G.N.R.



THIS SEASON'S DESIGN OF VICTORIA.

CATALOGUES, PRICE LISTS, and SPECIFICATIONS sent on application to

CHAS. S. WINDOVER & Co., Ltd.,

The Original Firm of WINDOVER'S,

Head Office: No. 30, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

Free Book.

Our Handsome Book illustrates the Latest Creations, and is the Finest Fashion Book in colour that has ever been published. A copy will be sent to every lady forwarding us her visiting card.

Swan & Edgar Ltd.

Leading West End Drapers,
Regent St. and Piccadilly, London, W.

An Invitation.

We invite a visit to our establishment, where we are making a complete display of Summer Fashions, and as the styles present a decided change no lady should replenish her wardrobe without first paying us a visit.



"BETSY."—Pretty frock for young ladies' wear in Black and White Checks and striped Voiles, full Skirt with folds, Bodice with Yoke and undersleeve of Lace, Revers and Belt of Pale Blue Taffeta. Lined Silk.
Moderate Price Hat Sunshade

4½ Gns. 4½ Gns. 21/9

"FEDORA."—With fashionable Kimona Sleeve, Bodice with Vest of Cream Cloth embroidered in Coloured Beads, Piping and Belt of Taffeta lace, yoke with Tie and Steel Buckle. Lined Silk. In self colours and Fancy Voiles. Hat Moire Sunshade

5 Gns. 39/6 18/9

"HILDA."—Le dernier cri is stripes, of which this Gown is a charming example, made in White Voile with stripes. Underbodice of Lace draped in Kimona effect with belt of Taffeta Lined Silk. In Rose, Navy, Reseda, Sky, Black, and Brown stripes.

7 Gns. Hat 5½ Gns.

Sunshade
25/9

"BETSY," 4½ Gns.

"FEDORA," 5 Gns.

"HILDA," 7 Gns.

Book of the Queen's Fête.

Index.

Page 14	...	...	...	Portrait of Her Majesty the Queen	...	...	...	...	...
" 16	...	...	...	Voluntary Contributions	...	...	...	...	A. S. BOYD
" 17	...	...	...	Introduction	...	...	...	...	THE LORD MAYOR
" 18	...	...	...	In Possession	...	...	...	...	CECIL ALDIN
" 19	...	...	...	Myself	...	...	...	...	MAX BEERBOHM
" 20	...	...	...	If Christ Came	...	...	...	...	HAROLD BEGBIE
" 21	...	...	...	Near Twenty	...	...	...	...	LEWIS BAUMER
" 22	...	...	...	Bessie	...	...	...	...	J. J. BELL
" 28	...	...	...	What Happened to the Picture	...	...	...	...	G. K. CHESTERTON
" 29	...	...	...	A Turf Scandal	...	...	...	...	RALPH CLEAVER
" 30	...	...	...	A Gay Dog	...	...	...	...	JOHN HASSALL
" 31	...	...	...	A Tiny Comedy	...	...	...	...	KEBLE HOWARD
" 32	...	...	...	Captain Barley in Love	...	...	...	...	W. W. JACOBS and LOUIS N. PARKER
" 34	...	...	...	Blowing up a Magazine	...	...	...	...	JEROME K. JEROME
" 39	...	...	...	About Choosing a Husband	...	...	...	...	HENRY ARTHUR JONES
" 40	...	...	...	The Prince Laughs	...	...	...	...	E. V. LUCAS
" 41	...	...	...	Pay Day	...	...	...	...	WILL OWEN
" 42	...	...	...	Motor Kháhyàm	...	...	...	...	BARRY PAIN
" 43	...	...	...	Dignified Protest	...	...	...	...	W. PETT RIDGE
" 46	...	...	...	An Old Ballad	...	...	...	...	FRED PEGRAM
" 47	...	...	...	The Day's Work	...	...	...	...	HARRY ROUNTREE
" 48	...	...	...	The Balance of Power	...	...	...	...	ADRIAN ROSS
" 50	...	...	...	Summer is a-Coming In	...	...	...	...	W. HEATH ROBINSON
" 51	...	...	...	Generosity	...	...	...	...	LAWSON WOOD
" 52	...	...	...	A Study of Six	...	...	...	...	H. G. WELLS
" 53	...	...	...	The Hairdressers	...	...	...	...	STARR WOOD
" 54	...	...	...	Plan of the Mansion House	...	...	...	...	...
" 55	...	...	...	Guide to the Fête	...	...	...	...	...
" 56	...	...	...	Programme of Entertainments	...	...	...	...	...
" 58	...	...	...	Programme of Music	...	...	...	...	...

The LORD MAYOR begs to thank MR. CARL HENTSCHEL, 182/3/4, Fleet Street, E.C., and MR. WALTER JUDD, 5, Queen Victoria Street, E.C., for generous and valuable help in the production of this Book.



HER MAJESTY QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

[Photo by Lafayette.]

Book of The Queen's Fête.

Held at the Mansion House, London,

IN AID OF THE

Lord Mayor's Crippled Children Fund.

Opened on Thursday, June 13th, by
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

On Friday, June 14th, by
His Excellency The French Ambassador.

On Saturday, June 15th, by
His Excellency The United States Ambassador.

With Guide, Map, and Full Programmes.

June, 1907.

Published by
CARL HENTSCHEL, Ltd.,
182, 183, 184, Fleet Street,
LONDON, E.C.



VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS.

Drawn by
A. S. BOYD.

Introduction.

IN presenting this book to Her Majesty the Queen, and to the Patrons of the Queen's Fête, I am anxious to thank my friend, Mr. Pett Ridge, who has kindly undertaken the task of editing, and to congratulate him on his success in bringing together so many names eminent in Literature and Art.

This Souvenir is published in the hope that it may stimulate interest in the cause of the Cripples, on whose behalf Her Majesty the Queen has come to the Mansion House to-day to open the Queen's Fête.

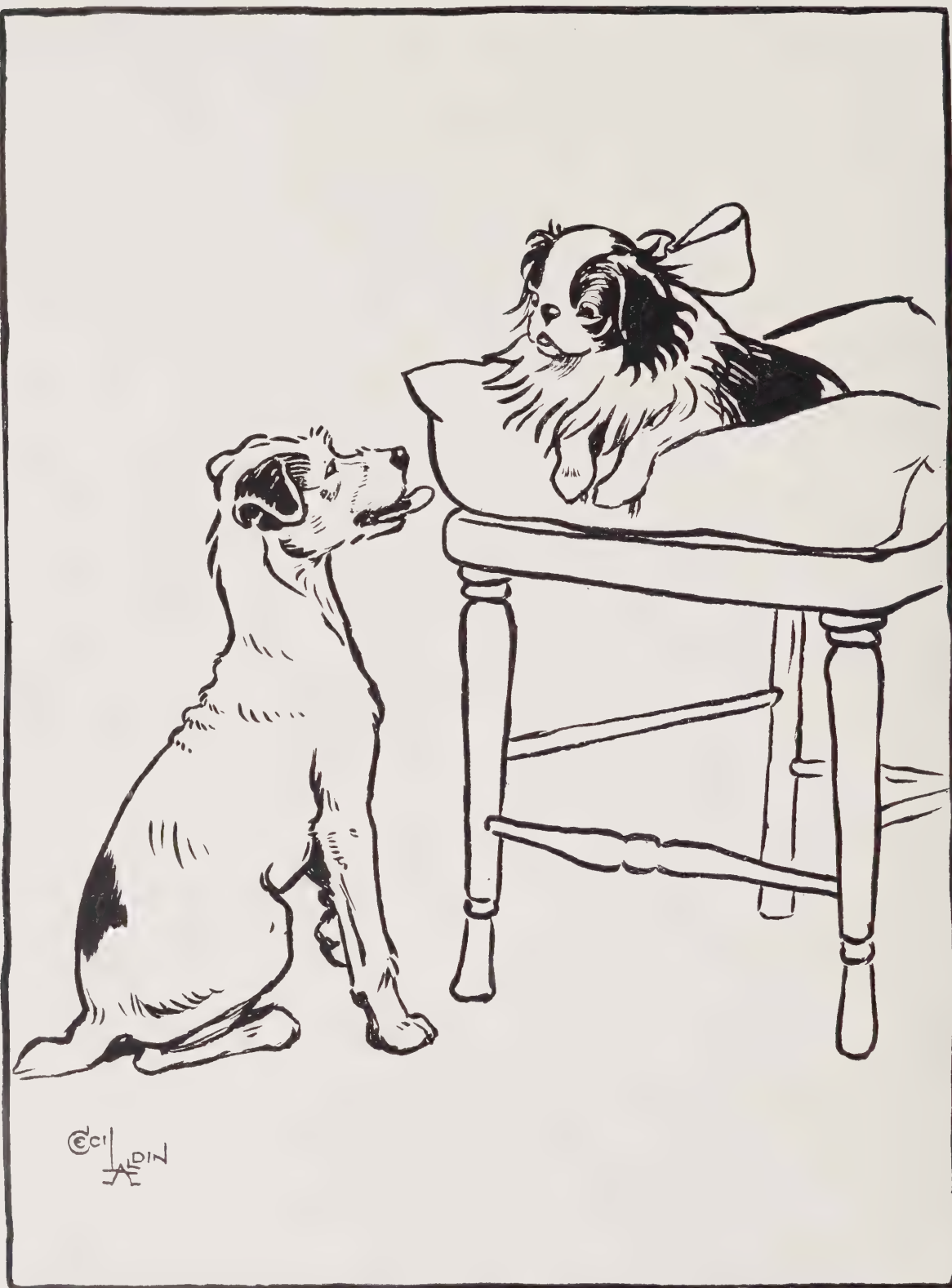
To the distinguished and generous men whose names are set down as contributors, and to those who are giving valuable help in other ways, I tender my sincere acknowledgments; I offer also something of far greater value—the thanks of the little people who will be helped by the Queen's Fête to learn trades and occupations which shall enable them, later on, to live lives of happiness and usefulness, free from charity.

I ask every reader to continue to help me.

THE MANSION HOUSE,

June 13, 1907.

W. V. Inelov
Lord Mayor



IN POSSESSION.

Drawn by
CECIL ALDIN.



Portrait of the
Artist trying
to think of a
suitable idea for his
album

MYSELF.

Drawn by
MAX BEERBOHM.

If Christ Came.

By Harold Begbie.

IF Lord Christ came our hearts to prove,
Men say His lips with wrath would burn
Because the Table of His Love
The moneychangers overturn ;
Because the hosts of Mammon shout
And make them whips of hate and strife,
To drive the Sinless One from out
The temple of our daily life.
They tell us He would cry, Ye make
Of God a lie, and Love a cheat !
And with most holy scorn would shake
The dust of London from His feet.
Nay ! wrongly do the prophets see ;
For well we know, from door to door
Our Lord would journey making free
The sorrow of the simple poor.
And to the worst of men would come,
And with the least of men would bide
And call from out the shameful slum
Sweet London children to His side.
Blacker than night may London be,
And godless as the pools of hell,
Yet there the Blessed Christ would see
Something to serve and love full well.
Judge not, but serve ! This gift is ours—
To bless, to brighten, and to save,
And give our moments and our pow'rs
In service of the sad and brave,
By soothing pain and friending woe
And stretching forth a tender hand
To heal despair, as long ago
Our Lord Christ did in Holy Land.

Harold Begbie



NEAR TWENTY.

Drawn by
LEWIS BAUMER.

Bessie.

By J. J. Bell.

I.

ON fine forenoons Bessie took the baby to the Greenock Esplanade. Bessie was methodical, and timed herself to arrive at the seat under the great red and green lamp when the high clock on Princes' Pier indicated the hour of noon. For some unknown reason it was not a popular seat, and Bessie almost always found it vacant. She stopped the rickety pram alongside the seat, and after sitting down and adjusting her shabby short skirt over as much of her coarse stockings as it would cover, she took the baby upon her lap and prepared to enjoy a placid hour of its company while she watched the ships passing to and from the ports of the world.

Bessie was not quite fourteen; from behind she looked younger; her face, however, suggested several years more of life and experience. It was a very clean face, and the brown hair above it was very tidy, for Bessie believed that babies—this baby, at any rate—thought a lot, though lacking in speech. Public opinion was nothing to Bessie: Baby John's was everything.

Next to Baby's good opinion, Bessie desired that of the burly policeman who came along the Esplanade every day about half-past twelve. For some months he and she had been friends. On a day in spring he had helped her to replace the worn tyre on one of the pram wheels, and since then he had often stopped to speak to her and to present her with an enormous peppermint lozenge. Bessie did not eat the lozenges, but stored them secretly against the day when Baby would be old enough to enjoy them. So far she had accumulated seven-and-thirty of the white, odorous discs, which represented seven-and-thirty pleasant moments in her own past and promised the same in Baby's future. If aught could have made her think more of her friend the policeman it would have been some interest shown by him in Baby. But until now the policeman had practically ignored the infant, which hurt Bessie not a little.

"Never heed, John," she would whisper to her charge, "he'll be prood to speak to ye some day."

And John, who had rather a patient expression for his twelve months, and who was given to long spells of open-eyed quietude, when not tormented by teething, would accept his nurse's assurance without any emotion whatsoever.

But on this fair September noon the policeman's conversation, which hitherto had been mainly of the weather and the ships, took a personal turn.

"What age is she?" he asked, a trifle abruptly, nodding in the direction of the baby.

"He's a boy," said Bessie, the least thing sharply. "He'll be a year on Monday week."

"He's no' vera big for a boy o' his age," remarked the policeman, not unkindly. "He'll be yer youngest brither, I suppose?"

"He's no' ma brither, sir."

"Oh, I thocht he was. He'll be yer kizzen, maybe; or maybe you'll be his aunt?"

Bessie shook her head. "I'm jist his nurse," she said, adding: "He's Mistress Matheson's baby—her that keeps the paper shop in Wallace Street."

"Does the fayther no' keep the shop noo?"

"He's deid," the girl replied softly. "He dee'd nine month back. Mistress Matheson keeps the shop, an' I keep the baby. I bide wi' her. I'm an orphan. I've been an orphan ever since I can mind, an' I gaed to Mistress Matheson when ma grannie dee'd last year."

"I see," said the policeman slowly. "An' dae ye like bein' wi' Mistress Matheson?"

"I like keepin' the baby."

"Does Mistress Matheson pay ye weel?" the man pursued.

Bessie glanced at her charge ere she replied. "I get ma meat an' ma keep frae her," she said in a low voice.

"But she sud pay ye something, lassie. Is she kind to ye?"

Bessie hesitated for several seconds. Then she said unwillingly: "Mistress Matheson's no' weel aff, sir."

The policeman grunted. He knew the young woman of the newspaper shop by sight, and had noted her somewhat gaudy blouses which had so soon superseded the black ones.

"Is she kind to the wean?" he asked.

"Oh—ay, sir. But, ye see, she's in the shop a' day, an' whiles till ten at nicht. So she doesna get keepin' John, excep' jist noo an' then."

"I see," he said, once more. "Weel, ma lass, I've got a proposal to mak' to ye. Hoo wud ye like to serve in a dacent house where ye wud get plenty meat an' plenty kindness an' no' ower muckle wark? Eh?"

Bessie's eyes brightened for a moment, then dulled. She did not reply.

"Ye see, it's this wey," he went on. "Ma wife's no' as fit as she used to be—she had an illness a while back—an' she's wantin' a young lass to help her i' the hoose an' keep her comp'ny when I'm on duty. What's your name?" he demanded abruptly.

"Bessie M'Lure, sir."

"Weel, Bessie M'Lure, I've been keepin' ma e'e on ye for three month, an' I believe ye wud suit the wife. I ken she wud be kind to ye, an', if ye did yer duty, I would gi'e ye ten shillin's a month, an' we wud treat ye like a dochter an' no' like a servant. Noo, what d'ye say, Bessie M'Lure?"

There was a long silence.

"I'll gang to the end o' the road, an' come back for yer answer," said the policeman at last.

"Oh, na, na!" cried the girl. "Thank ye kindly, sir, but I—I couldna leave the baby." She squeezed the infant so that it gave forth a faint squawk.

"Think it ower for a week," the man said kindly, turning away; "I'll ask yer answer this day week."

But a month later her answer was the same.

The policeman was disappointed. He had been making private enquiries concerning Bessie's present situation, and had learned that it was even less comfortable than he had guessed. Mrs. Matheson was frankly on the look out for another husband; her baby was an encumbrance, and the neighbours hinted that neither the child nor its youthful nurse got adequate nourishment, while both were neglected in many other respects.

"But," said the policeman; "ye'll get a faur better chance to get on in the world wi' ma wife nor ye've got the noo, Bessie. An' I daursay Mistress Matheson wud shin get somebody to tak' charge o' the wean."

"Oh, but I couldna leave John," she said once more; and wept softly, whereupon the baby began to wail.

"Weel, weel, lassie," he said hurriedly, patting her on the shoulder; "I'll no' say any mair about it. Ye maun please yersel'. But, if I was you, I would tell Mistress Matheson to gi'e ye mair an' better meat. Baith you an' the wean are unco' peelly-wally-like. Guidbye the noo."

He stalked away, unconscious of what his last words had meant to Bessie.

The girl went white. Trembling she took a closer clasp of her charge, and gazed anxiously at the small colourless countenance.

"Oh, John dearie," she whispered; "are ye no' weel? He said ye wasna gettin' plenty meat. Ye was aye a thin baby; but—oh, dinna greet, darlin', dinna greet. Come an' we'll gang hame noo, an' Bessie 'll get ye something nice to eat . . . Ma wee baby!"

Having soothed and comforted the child, she placed him in the pram and set out for home, some twenty minutes earlier than usual. On the way the little one fell asleep, and it seemed to Bessie that he looked pitifully weak.

She stopped at the door of the tawdry little shop in the mean street, and peeped in. A flashy fellow was leaning across the counter talking to the proprietress and emphasizing his remarks by slapping his leg with a folded sporting paper. The proprietress was laughing immoderately.

On catching sight of the girl she stopped laughing and frowned crossly.

"Get away!" she cried.

From experience Bessie knew it would be unwise to intrude just then, and she proceeded to the neglected home a few doors up the street. Her heart was like to break.

As she turned the pram into the close a young doctor, whom she knew by sight, almost ran into it.

"Oh, please!" she exclaimed, catching his sleeve.

* * * * *

Half-an-hour later she stood at the counter of a chemist's shop, waiting while the chemist made up the prescription which the young doctor had given her.

"The baby doesn't seem to be getting proper or sufficient nourishment," he had said. "Give him this medicine, and see also that he gets plenty of good food. He is far too thin."

Bessie had gone to Mrs. Matheson for money for the medicine, and had obtained it with an ungracious remark.

"The doctor," quavered Bessie, "said John was to get proper food, ma'am."

"Well, isn't he getting proper food?" snapped Mrs. Matheson. "Doesn't he get all that's going? If he's starved, it's your fault. By the bye, you'd better take the basket and get the other messages when you're out."

Bessie went away with a lump in her throat. She wished she had asked the doctor to say exactly what sort of food John ought to have.

And now, as she waited in the chemist's shop the unasked question was answered. On the counter, close to her, stood a pile of large squat round tins; and on each tin was the picture of a beautiful plump, smiling baby; and the tins, declared the labels, contained the best food in all the world for making babies fat and rosy.

Bessie was alone in the shop. The chemist had gone to the back premises to dispense the prescription. Now and then a faint chink of glass reached the girl.

She looked about her. She took a step back from the counter, feeling a burning sensation about her face. The next moment she shivered. The smiling, plump babies seemed to be looking at her. She tried not to look at them. She shut her eyes—and behold!—she saw in the dark the pinched, patient face of little John.

Once more she looked about her.

Clink! went a stopper behind the big mirror at the back of the shop. Would the chemist never have done?

The plump, smiling babies caught her again. They drew her to the counter inch by inch. . . .

Bessie put out her hand and touched one of the babies, just with the tip of her forefinger. Oh, dear! If John were only like *that!*

Clink! went another stopper. Then came the squeak of a cork being pushed home. Then footsteps. The chemist was coming with the bottle.

Bessie set her teeth. . . .

A moment later a tin of the wonderful food lay under the lid of her basket.

II.

Bessie went no more to the Esplanade. She could not have faced her friend the policeman. So she pushed the rickety pram in other and less attractive directions, over roads whereon were no seats for the midday rest and from whence one caught only occasional glimpses of the Clyde and the ships.

But the baby was gaining in health, and joy had place as well as shame and fear in Bessie's heart. Whether the patent food or nature had wrought the happy change need not

be discussed here; but it may be mentioned that Bessie, meeting the young doctor again, had got from him a written list of the things which were good for infants, and had acted upon his instructions so faithfully that she had given up her daily allowance of milk and took water instead.

It seemed to Bessie that the faint pink in the child's cheeks deepened a little every day, that his face and limbs grew rounder and firmer. And he brightened as he gained in strength; and his teeth, Bessie thought, did not hurt him so much; and his listlessness became positive noisiness; and, oh! rapture! he began to find his speech. Over his bedtime bath she laughed and sang, and forgot she was a thief.

Mrs. Matheson took less interest than ever in her home and was more than ever ungracious to the girl; but Bessie could endure cold looks and harsh words now that John was thriving. It was night that brought Bessie misery—night, when she lay awake wondering what would happen to John if she were taken to prison; wondering what would happen to herself if she had to spend even a single day without the baby. The terror of those nights!

* * * * *

On an evening in late October, shortly after she had put the little one to bed, someone knocked at the door, the bell being broken.

Bessie went and opened the door, and nearly fainted. In the dim light she saw a policeman.

Without a word he stepped into the house and closed the door behind him. Then she saw that he was the policeman from the Esplanade.

She could not speak. To be arrested by him of all policemen—it was like a horrid dream. Only, it was a horrid reality.

He laid his hand on her shoulder.

"Bessie," he said in a low voice, "I'm sair vexed for ye, but if ye'll come wi' me——"

She fell on her knees before him. "Oh, dinna tak' me awa' frae John," she whispered.

"Na, na, lassie; I'm no' gaun to tak' ye frae the wean. He'll come wi' us."

Bessie nearly screamed. John to go to prison too! Oh, what was to be done? She clutched at the policeman's big hand.

"Oh, sir, John wasna to blame. He didna ken. It was me that stole it," she sobbed; "oh, dinna pit John in jail."

"Jail!" he exclaimed, "wha's talkin' o' stealin' an' jail? I've come for to tak' ye to ma ain hoose, Bessie. Has naebody tell't ye about Mistress Matheson? She sailed to Canada the day wi' anither wumman's husband."

Bessie did not take in the ugly news then. In a little torrent of speech she poured out her confession and pleaded for leniency for John.

It took the policeman some time to understand, but when he did so he picked her up, steadied her on her feet, and shook her gently.

"Ye puir wee thing," he muttered; "ye puir wee sufferin' thing! Ye thocht I had come to tak' ye to the office, did ye? Dinna heed about the chemist the noo. I'll pey

him the morn. An' dinna heed aboot that bad wumman; I'll explain efter. Get ready yer things an' hap up the wean, an I'll cairry him to ma hoose. The wife's makin' everything cosy for ye. She had a baby hersel', lang syne. John 'll be safe wi' her, an' so will you, ye puir wee sufferin' thing!"

On the way to the new home Bessie spoke but once.

"When John grows up," she stammered, and stopped.

"Weel, ma dear, when John grows up, what about him?"

"Ye—ye'll no' tell him I stole, sir?"

"I wouldna tell him sic a black untruth," said the policeman, patting the bundle on his arm and, perhaps, thinking of a bundle that had rested there, for a little while, twenty years ago.

J. J. Best

When Mrs
 Reminders came
 immediately did a drawing
 for you & took it up to
 Tom & give you, but
 at the last moment
 decided that it was
 not good enough &

WHAT HAPPENED
 TO THE PICTURE--Drawn by
 G. K. CHESTERTON.



A TURF SCANDAL.

SHE: "Your people tell me you've been knocking about the country a good deal lately."

HE: "I've only been playing golf."

SHE: "Perhaps that is what they meant."

Drawn by
RALPH CLEAVER.



A GAY DOG.

Drawn by
JOHN HASSALL.

A Tiny Comedy.

By Keble Howard.

"THERE they go! Buck up!"

"Where?" panted Phyllis.

"Just the other side of that hedge at the bottom of the hill! Can't you see the huntsmen's red coats? They're in full cry! Come on!"

He dashed down the hill at top speed, and the girl, her long hair streaming behind her as she ran, tumbled after him. She was almost exhausted, for they had been following the hounds on foot for nearly two hours. His sisters had given in at the end of the first hour, and it is probable that, had she known her way home, Phyllis would have refused at this moment to go any further. But Eric, on whom she was relying both for guidance and lunch, was determined to be in at the death.

Now, on the far side of the hedge there was a brook. The boy, who was leading by two hundred yards, found a convenient place, took a flying jump, and cleared it. Then, with a very bad grace, he waited for his cousin.

"It's not very wide here," he yelled, "I'll catch you as you land."

Phyllis hesitated. She had jumped ditches before, but never such a formidable one as this.

"You're not going to funk it, are you?" scoffed Eric. It is wonderful how insignificant an obstacle will appear to the person who has passed it.

"Is there much water?" faltered the girl.

"No, silly. Besides, you can clear it easily if you take a decent jump. Hurry up, or we shall lose them altogether."

Phyllis was horribly frightened, but Eric would never forgive her if they lost the hounds.

She rushed at the brook, gave a little cry, and jumped.

Splash! She was up to her knees in water, and her face was resting against the muddy bank. Just for a moment she was too startled to know exactly what had happened, but a roar of laughter from the boy quickly steadied her. Refusing his assistance, she scrambled out of the brook and began to clean her face as well as she could with a handkerchief.

"You didn't jump hard enough," gurgled Eric.

Phyllis flashed one word at him. "Cad!"

"It wasn't my fault!"

The feebleness of this retort was obvious to both. They turned home in silence. As they walked Eric was wondering what would happen to him when they arrived. Phyllis, for her part, was longing for one of the sandwiches that she knew were in his pocket.

For nearly a mile hunger and pride battled for the mastery. Then hunger won.

"Sorry," she murmured, slipping a hand through his arm.

Eric was careful to conceal his astonishment.

"That's all right," he said magnanimously. "Have a sandwich?"

Keble Belle.

Captain Barley in Love.

By W. W. Jacobs and Louis N. Parker.

Extract from Act III. of

“Beauty and the Barge”

CAPTAIN BARLEY (*sitting on bucket and wiping his brow*): It's a trying life, a shipmaster's.

ETHEL (*sympathetically*): With such a crew——

CAPTAIN BARLEY: Ah! I often wish I'd gone in for something heasier.

ETHEL (*sits on ground*): But if I were a man, I should be a sailor.

CAPTAIN BARLEY: Oh, no you wouldn't (*shaking his head*). It's a lonely life. No society. A shipmaster stands alone, keeping hisself to hisself, so to speak. He never knows what his crew may be up to. He can't mix with 'em becos of discipline.

ETHEL: I shouldn't have thought that mattered on a barge.

CAPTAIN BARLEY: Ah, I wasn't always on a barge. I was master of a liner once, sailing between London and Newhav—New Zealand.

ETHEL: Was it very long ago? When you were young?

CAPTAIN BARLEY: Well (*raising his cap*), I was very young at the time, but it wasn't so long ago neither. I—I (*smiles*)—— You'd be surprised if I told you I was grey like I am now afore I was twenty.

ETHEL: How extraordinary!

CAPTAIN BARLEY: I'll tell you how it 'appened. I was fourth mate on a sailing vessel wot took fire. The captain was in bed, dru—ill—so was the first mate. The third mate was really ill, and the second cried like a child. (*Simply*) It all fell on me.

ETHEL: And you saved the ship?

CAPTAIN BARLEY: Yus! And next morning I was as white—grey—as I am now.

ETHEL: Oh, then you are not so old as you look.

CAPTAIN BARLEY: I was only twenty-nine when it 'appened, and that (*looking at her hard*)—that's seven year ago come Monday week.

ETHEL (*starting and instinctively moving away a little*): Twenty-nine and seven—are you only thirty-six?

CAPTAIN BARLEY (*injured*): Why, Go' bless me, how old did you think I was?

ETHEL: Oh, I thought——(*rises*) Never mind. It doesn't matter (*sits on bank*).

CAPTAIN BARLEY (*rises and takes pail*): Thirty-six year is a long time to be lonely, a-battling with the elements (*sits on pail*). I've often thought——

ETHEL: How long they are getting breakfast!

CAPTAIN BARLEY: And, mark me! It's only when a man gets pretty near into middle-age like that you can reckon on his being faithful and true.

ETHEL: What a beautiful morning it is!

CAPTAIN BARLEY: It'd be beautiful to me if it was raining cats and dogs. Ah, I've often thought what life 'd be like in a cottage by the seaside, with a flagstaff and a couple of rabbits, and me a-sitting there in the sun, watching my (*comes nearer*)—my Lily of the Valley.

ETHEL: Are you fond of flowers?

CAPTAIN BARLEY: You know what I mean. One particular flower, and now I see my chance——

ETHEL (*rising*): Don't you think I'd better look after the breakfast? Something must have happened.

CAPTAIN BARLEY: The fust moment I saw you, I says to myself, "Jem Barley," says I, "there she is."

ETHEL (*laughing and going*): And there I was, you know.

CAPTAIN BARLEY: Wait a bit, wait a bit. Look at the 'stronery cleverness——

W. Jacobs

Louis N. Parker

Blowing up a Magazine.

Being a Scene from the Three-Act Comedy

"Tommy"

By Jerome K. Jerome.

SCENE: *The editorial office of "Good Humour, one penny weekly." William Clodd, the Business Manager, and Flipp, the office boy, have been discussing various matters, chiefly the subject of ethics as applicable to journalism. Then enters to them Peter Hope, Proprietor and Editor. He sinks into a seat, and takes his head between his hands.*

CLODD: What's the matter? Given away half a sovereign in mistake for sixpence?

PETER: Just seen old Tindell, the printer.

CLODD: Well, you've seen him before. He's not as ugly as all that.

PETER: He sent for me. Says his Board have made a new regulation—are going, for the future, to insist on cash.

CLODD: A bit inconvenient.

PETER: What are we to do? How are we going to get the paper out?

CLODD: He'll print this week's?

PETER: *He* says he won't.

CLODD: Um! Most annoying.

PETER: I was reckoning on that article of mine, "The Trials of a Millionaire," to help the paper this week. It was a humorous article.

CLODD: Flipp, you go round; see Mr. Tindell himself. Tell him Mr. Clodd is very much annoyed—very much annoyed indeed. Tell him that I am coming round to pay for this week's issue in cash, and that after that I shall take the printing to Lister & Co.'s. Now, don't dawdle! Hurry up!

FLIPP (*putting on his hat, also a grin*): D'ye think he'll believe it?

CLODD: D'ye think I'm telling you a lie?

(*FLIPP, impressed by his vehemence, collapses.*)

CLODD: You tell him what I say.

(FLIPP goes out.)

PETER: How are you going to do it?

CLODD: I don't know. Anyhow, they'll start the printing, and that'll give us time. If I could rake in another ad. or two I could go round and talk to him.

PETER: Do you think it would be any good reading him my article? It's full of humour.

CLODD: I wonder would Smith's increase their order if we promised them——

(Re-enter FLIPP.)

FLIPP (to PETER): There's a Mr. Morrison downstairs wants to know if you're alone?

PETER: Morrison?

CLODD: Morrison! By Jove! He's the man!

PETER: What man?

CLODD: What's he like?

FLIPP: I don't know. I couldn't see inside the carriage; I only saw the footman.

CLODD: Carriage! Footman! Gov'nor, we're saved! (*He flies at the bewildered PETER and pulls him off his chair.*) Stir yourself! (*He rushes to safe, drags out papers, ledgers, and cash books, and spreads them about the room.*)

PETER: But who is Mr. Morrison?

CLODD: I don't know. Some poor lunatic that wants to buy a share in the paper. Only heard of him this morning.

PETER: Where's he come from?

CLODD: Haven't the faintest idea. Heaven, I suppose. About time it did something for us—one of its few supporters on the Press. Look at your hair! Tidy yourself.

(PETER takes himself off into the adjoining bedroom.)

CLODD (*turning to FLIPP, who is assisting him to give to the room an air of business-like prosperity*): What sort of a carriage? Not the three-and-sixpence-an-hour fake?

FLIPP: No. Regular slap-up turn-out. Cockade! All that sort of thing. Think anything will come of it?

CLODD: Never can tell.

FLIPP: I dreamed of a spotted dog last night. That's lucky, they say.

CLODD: Didn't bite you, did it?

FLIPP: No—quite friendly.

CLODD: That's all right.

(Re-enter PETER.)

PETER: Better not keep him waiting.

CLODD (to FLIPP): Down you go. Tell him that Mr. Hope, the Editor, and Mr. Clodd, the Manager, are quite alone. (*FLIPP turns to go. CLODD looks round, sees PETER is busy, takes two steps after FLIPP, catches him at the door, and holding him, whispers to him excitedly and with much gesture and expression and a nod or two in the direction of the telephone.*) Sure you understand?

(FLIPP signifies that he does and goes out.)

CLODD : Now, Governor, you leave this business to me.

PETER : How much do you think he'll put in ?

CLODD : If you'll keep that conscience of yours quiet for half an hour, about twice as much as he originally intended.

PETER : Of course we keep to the strict truth ?

CLODD : There's two sorts of truth—the penny plain, that one keeps for one's own use, and the twopenny coloured that——

(*The door is opened and "MR. MORRISON" enters. She is dressed in a long dark cloak with a hat and is veiled. CLODD and PETER stare at her. She comes forward.*)

"MR. MORRISON" : I am right, am I not ? This is the office of *Good Humour* ?

PETER : Quite right.

"MR. MORRISON" : And you are Mr. Hope, the Editor ?

PETER : Yes.

"MR. MORRISON" (*smiling*) : I am "Mr. Morrison."

CLODD (*placing a chair for her*) : Delighted. Not quite what we expected ——

PETER : But infinitely more agreeable.

"MR. MORRISON" (*seating herself*) : Thank you. My solicitor thought it would be better to open negotiations in a man's name.

CLODD : Very sensible.

"MR. MORRISON" : Thanks. You know what I've come about. They tell me it's very foolish of me, but it has always been an ambition of mine to be a newspaper proprietor. (*She turns to PETER.*) It gives one so much influence, don't you think—for good ?

PETER : My dear——

"MR. MORRISON" : Mr. Morrison—till we know each other better.

PETER : "Mr. Morrison." I am delighted to meet a—a gentleman who regards journalism from another than the £ s. d. point of view. I cannot tell you how unsatisfactory I find the £ s. d. point of view.

"MR. MORRISON" : Decidedly the least interesting point of view.

PETER : Decidedly. A journal I look upon as a pulpit.

CLODD (*who has been chafing*) : But a very paying pulpit. Don't forget that, Governor. Ten thousand a year clear profit is not to be sneezed at.

PETER (*with an almost audible groan*) : Certainly not. I should be the very last man to—to sneeze at it.

"MR. MORRISON" (*to CLODD, sweetly*) : And is that your profit ?

CLODD : At the present moment—no. I calculate that to reach that figure will take us at the very least (*he pauses as though to calculate*) two years—perhaps three.

PETER : You see, we are quite a young paper.

"MR. MORRISON" : It is the young that grow.

CLODD : Grow ! As you came in, the Gov'nor and I were discussing the possibility of our having to give our printing to a more enterprising firm——

(PETER takes a step back.)

CLODD : Our present printers admit themselves unable—quite unable to continue the contract.

“MR. MORRISON” (*her attitude is one of amusement, carefully concealed behind interested simplicity*) : Sounds most satisfactory. What is your present circulation ?

CLODD : Our present circulation I calculate to be three times—three times—that of any other paper published in London, of its class.

“MR. MORRISON” : I am most fortunate to have heard of you.

CLODD : Of course, there is a reverse side.

“MR. MORRISON” : Really ?

CLODD : Our advertisements—that’s our weak point.

PETER : I don’t think them so very bad, Clodd, considering.

CLODD : Gov’nor, let us be honest.

PETER (*offended*) : Certainly, certainly.

CLODD : We don’t want Mr. Morrison to go away with any false impression. Our advertisements are *not* what they ought to be.

PETER : They will come with a rush. I feel sure they will come with a rush.

“MR. MORRISON” : You are of too despondent a nature, Mr. Clodd.

CLODD (*who does not see the sarcasm*) : Maybe ! Maybe ! Of course when they do begin— (*He has been looking covertly at his watch. The telephone bell rings, and he goes to the machine.*) Excuse me, one minute. (*At telephone.*) Yes, *Good Humour*, yes. (*To room.*) Funny thing ! Talking of advertisements— (*Back to telephone.*) One hundred pounds, less fifteen per cent. discount—eh ? (*Turns to PETER.*) Jones and Snell offer seventy-five for front page, three months. What do you think ?

PETER (*quite innocently*) : I should take it, Clodd. Decidedly I should take it.

CLODD (*to telephone*) : Make it six months, and I’ll say yes. You agree ? All right. See you in the morning ? (*Rings off.*)

PETER : Have they accepted ?

CLODD : That’s all right. (*To “MR. MORRISON”*) Now what were you thinking, Mr. Morrison, of investing in the paper ?

“MR. MORRISON” : I was told I could have a share for a thousand pounds.

CLODD : Thousand ? That’s no good to us, Gov’nor.

PETER : We might accept it, don’t you think, for a small share—a small share.

CLODD (*to “MR. MORRISON”*) : You see, we don’t want a lot of people in this thing.

“MR. MORRISON” : A crowd is always so inconvenient.

CLODD (*not quite sure how to take it*) : Quite so. The paper’s going all right, but it’s going slowly. What we want to do is to hurry it up. Now a couple of thousand— (*Telephone bell rings again.*) Excuse me. (*To telephone.*) Yes, yes—twenty pounds.

PETER : Another advertisement ?

CLODD : Grigsby, of Bond Street. But they want it next to matter.

PETER : Let ’em have it. Don’t let us be surly.

CLODD (*to telephone*): Well, it must be for three months, then. Yes, starting from next week. All right. Good-bye. (*Rings off.*)

PETER: It really looks, Clodd, as if the rush were beginning.

CLODD: Never can tell. Doesn't do to be too sanguine. (*To "MR. MORRISON."*) Now, with a couple of thousand— (*Telephone bell rings again.*) One moment. (*To telephone.*) Yes, back page is gone for the next six months. Could let you have one column on third page. No, very sorry; best I can do. Certainly, any time this week. So long. (*Rings off.*)

PETER (*who has been talking aside with "MR. MORRISON," almost unable to control his delight*): Another?

CLODD (*carelessly*): Not quite sure; they're thinking it over. (*To "MR. MORRISON."*) Now, with a couple of thousand— (*Telephone bell rings again; he makes a movement of impatience—goes quickly over to telephone and speaks to it in as low a tone of voice as possible.*) Shut up! You're making the thing damn ridiculous. (*Rings off.*)

"MR. MORRISON": I was just saying to Mr. Hope that it is the literary side more than the business that attracts me. (*PETER's face is beaming.*) And if a couple of thousand—

CLODD: My dear Mr. Morrison, with two thousand pounds I'll make this paper a really powerful instrument in the cause of—in the cause you so nobly champion. Now when do you propose we shall meet to complete the business?

"MR. MORRISON": I have my cheque book with me. There is no reason, so far as I am concerned, why it should not be settled now.

CLODD: Much simpler. (*He goes to desk and clears a space, arranges blotting paper, &c. "MR. MORRISON" from her bag produces her cheque-book and dips the pen in ink. But the cheque is never signed.*)

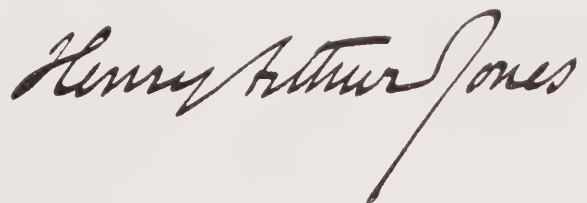
About Choosing a Husband.

By Henry Arthur Jones.

SIR STEPHEN: You won't misunderstand me, dear, I'm old enough to be your grandfather. (*Takes her hand very tenderly.*) You won't misunderstand me. (*Very seriously.*) Take care how you choose your partner for life. You'll have a wide choice, and all your future happiness, and the happiness perhaps of many generations to come, will depend on the one moment when you say "Yes" to one of the scores of young fellows who'll ask you to be his wife. Take care, dear! Take care! Look him thoroughly up and down! Be sure that he has a good full open eye that can look you straight in the face, and be sure that the whites of his eyes are clear. Take care he hasn't got a queer-shaped head, or a low forehead. A good round head, and a good full high forehead, do you hear? Notice the grip of his hand when he shakes hands with you! Take care it's strong and firm, and not cold and dry. No young man should have a cold dry hand. Don't say "Yes" till you've seen him out of trousers, in riding dress or Court dress. Look at the shape of his legs—a good well-shaped leg, eh, Peggie? And take care it is his leg! See that he's well-knit and a little lean, not flabby; doesn't squint; doesn't stammer; hasn't got any nervous tricks or twitchings. Don't marry a bald man! They say we shall all be bald in ten generations. Wait ten generations, Peggie, and then don't marry a bald man! Can you remember all this, dear? Watch his walk! See that he has a good springy step, and feet made of elastic—can do his four or five miles an hour without turning a hair. Don't have him if he has a cough in the winter or the spring. Young men ought never to have a cough. And be sure he can laugh well and heartily—not a snigger, or a wheeze, or a cackle, but a good, deep, hearty laugh right down from the bottom of his chest. And if he has a little money, or even a good bit, so much the better! There now! You choose a man like that, Peggie, and I won't promise you that you'll be happy, but if you're not it won't be your fault, and it won't be his, and it won't be mine!

From "The Goal,"

a One-Act Play.



The Prince Laughs.

By E. V. Lucas.

ONCE upon a time there lived a prince who possessed everything calculated to make princes happy.

His country had peace. His digestion was good. He had many favourites.

He never did anything that he did not want to, and he exacted vast sums from his people to pay for his excesses and hobbies. But as he was very handsome and there were no wars the people always sang their national anthem quite as if they meant it and kept picture postcards of him on the mantelpiece.

The prince, in spite of all his prosperity, had one trouble—he could not laugh.

Everything was done to make him laugh; but in vain. The funniest men of his own and other countries were brought to perform their antics before him. Fat men sat on new hats. The best wits made jokes in his company. In despair a punster was fetched.

Still he did not laugh. He longed to laugh but could not.

He went to all the funny plays and came away graver than before. He even tried musical comedy.

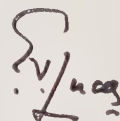
They went the length of bringing him a magistrate, but it was useless. They brought a judge with the same barren result.

He never laughed; and in course of time he died and was buried with great pomp.

Some months later a magnificent monument was placed over the grave, bearing a long and florid epitaph. The prince's body, lying below, sent his soul up to see what had been written about him. The soul committed it to memory and hurried back to recite it.

When he was half way through the prince's mouth began to twitch. When he went on to the passage stating that the prince's first thought had always been his people's welfare, the prince began to chuckle; when he came to the part about the prince having the heart of a child, the prince began to laugh softly; and at the end he was laughing out loud.

He has been laughing ever since.





PAY DAY.

Drawn by
WILL OWEN.

Motor Kháhyàm.

By Barry Pain.

WHETHER at Sydenham or Islington,
Whether the Car with steam or petrol run,
The Makers keep improving shop by shop,
The Cars get out-of-dated one by one.

Each Morn a hundred Patents brings, you say ;
Yes, but what price the Car of Yesterday ?
And this inclement month that brings the Shows
With Newer Models sweeps the Old away.

With one the need of Wisdom did I know,
And with my own hand wrought to make it go ;
And this was all the Harvest that I reaped—
To want one more at each succeeding Show.

Come, fill the Tank ; nor in the fire of Spring
Your Driver's License petulantly fling ;
It cost Five Shillings and but lasts a Year,
And even now the Year is on the Wing.

Drive uncomplaining all you've got to drive,
Nor for the Higher Horse-power vainly strive ;
Better be happy at Fifteen an hour
Than bankrupt for a chance of Fifty-five.

For some we knew, the knowingest and best,
That with unerring hand the Lever pressed,
Have taken Fliers down the Ripley Road,
And met a Stop-Watch—and you know the rest.

Barry Pain

Dignified Protest.

By W. Pett Ridge.

“**W**HAT’S it to be?” demanded the conductor abruptly. “You can’t do both! Make up your minds, for goodness’ sake!”

The father and the mother scuttled to the top of the omnibus; he and the second lady dropped into a corner seat inside. Passengers who had been delayed frowned at him as they entered, and he gave a frown in return; the second lady, noting this, called his particular attention to the lights of the street, to a church opposite, to the horses attached to other conveyances, to herself as Auntie Lilycums, to the fact that our own omnibus was now moving. He nodded casually as one whose brain is already sufficiently stocked with general knowledge. In glancing around rather wearily, when one or two ladies beamed at him and made clicking sounds with the tongue, his aunt had to steady his chin that the frank yawn might not dislocate features.

“Oh such a good manny-panny!” she cried rapturously. “He’s going to be the bestest ickle chickabiddy there ever was in all the world. Isn’t that a funny thing to say? Ah!”—with gratification—“Auntie Lilycums knows how to make him laugh!”

He regarded her steadily. She pinched his cheeks on either side of the mouth with finger and thumb, but he declined to give any expressions of amusement, and endeavoured to evade her persistent attentions. I had some thought of offering my walking-stick, but I feared he might use it as an instrument of warfare, and the situation seemed too delicate for interference. The aunt swung him up and down, under the evident impression that he would thus be distracted from thoughts of a melancholy nature; his white befrilled hat slipped back and he gave to me a look of earnest appeal. I took his hand and he gave the pressure that declares friendship. Most of the passengers went at the Knightsbridge end of Sloane Street, and these ogled him as they stepped by; the father came halfway down from the outside seats with a friendly message from mother and returned satisfied with the aunt’s assurances.

“Now we shall see the parky-warky,” said that lady, with extravagant relish, “and all the green trees and the dear little dickey-birds. How do the dickey-birds go? Baby, tell Auntie Lilycums how the— No, dear, that’s a lion. That’s how a lion roars. Dickey-birds go ‘Tweet—tweet—tweet.’”

He winked at me, and this conveyed the impression that he was wiser than he looked; that he had made the blunder with intention. He still held my hand, and when a smartly-dressed woman came in at Hyde Park Corner and sat opposite, and the aunt gave up her attentions to him that she might devote herself to careful inspection of the costume and the hat, the first opportunity came of exchanging a few words. You know how difficult it is to carry on conversation in a Holloway omnibus; I feel certain, however, that I caught the general drift of his remarks.

"Speaking as man to man," he said, "I wish to ask you one plain question. Would you like it? I know you're a good deal older than I am, but there are ladies a good deal older than my aunt here, and I put it to you—if a woman of twenty-five is entitled to treat me in this way, why should not a woman of fifty-eight treat you in an exactly similar manner? Imagine it! Try to understand what it would mean, and if you only half succeed, I shall have your sympathy. A well-intentioned, generous-minded lady of fifty-eight sees you come into a room and instantly she and several of her contemporaries come clacking around you, crying 'Hootchy-kootchy, hootchy-kootchy!' guessing at your age and trying to decide whom you most resemble. Or, you enter a public conveyance like this, and they all begin to ask about your diet and how many teeth you have in your head. Would it please you? Would it make you merry and bright?"

"Then again," he went on. "I am in the habit—I daresay you smoke—I like at times to solace myself with what is properly called a comforter; it is a part of the system that I should be expected not to recognise the article under the correct name. I don't always want it. No real man allows himself to become a slave to any custom. The extraordinary thing is that when I find myself in a talkative mood and I begin to express opinions, the comfy, as they call it, is at once searched for, and they have the impudence sometimes to ask me where I put it last! When discovered in the fender, they jam it into my mouth, and any further exposition of the views I hold on public questions becomes impossible. Would you like it? Would it gratify you if ladies of fifty-eight—Where are we now?"

We were going up Park Lane, and we would shortly arrive at the Marble Arch. The Arch, intended by George the Fourth to make the portal of Buckingham Palace, was placed there in the year eighteen hundred and——

"You're as bad as the others," he interrupted, "only that you talk the English language. I don't want facts crowded in upon me in this way; I'm not cramming for an examination. What makes it the more tiresome is that, as I hinted just now, people in speaking to me rarely call any object by the right name. For instance, bed is a short word, easy to pronounce, not hard to remember; why in addressing me do they call it bye-bye? I shall only have to learn the proper name later on. Dinner is the accepted name of the principal meal of the day, but it is assumed this title is beyond my comprehension, and that I can only recognise it under the name of din-din. Milk is a word of one syllable; they appear to be under the impression that I shall understand more easily what is meant if they call it moo-kee. The word nose is one of the simplest that can be imagined; when they refer to mine in my presence they call it nosey-posey. Do you

wonder that sometimes when I see the opportunity I strike a grown-up person in the face with all the violence of which I am capable, and can you not imagine the annoyance it gives me when the person I attack explains to everyone that it was a pure accident, and that it was only intended to express affection? Then again!"

His aunt jiggled him up and down for a few moments in an absent-minded manner; she had not yet decided on the price given for head-gear by the lady opposite, and the blessings of peace were again his.

"Supposing you had the misfortune to strike your head against the door—an incident few would regret so deeply as yourself. Can you imagine anything more galling, more irritating, than that ladies of fifty-eight should run up to you, and, instead of giving proper sympathy and commiseration to you, should give their condolences elsewhere, saying, 'Oh, poor door! You have given it a nasty knock, dearie. Ask the door's pardon and tell it not to cry!'"

I had to get out of the omnibus in Baker Street, and he released my forefinger with reluctance. He watched me, and I gave a farewell salutation from the pavement. As the omnibus went on, I heard his aunt imploring him to sittee up and to say ta-ta to the funny looking gemman.

W. Peter Ridge




Drawn by
FRED PEGRAM.



THE DAY'S WORK.

Drawn by
HARRY ROUNTREE.

The Balance of Power.

By Adrian Ross.

YOU take some States, not less than three,
We'll call them A and B and C,
Not Russia, France or Germany,
But each a simple letter;
Supposing A should buy a gun,
Then B must purchase more than one,
And C, who will not be outdone,
Must go a cannon better.
Then A, if not entirely mad,
Another gun or so must add,
As many as the others had,
Until he overtops them,
And B and C will purchase more
Exactly as they did before,
And heap up implements of war,
Till lack of money stops them.

And this is the balance of Power,
Humanity's loveliest flower;
If we were not afraid
Of the guns we have made,
We should all be at war in an hour!
The war-clouds may threaten and lower,
But never will burst in a shower,
For we haven't the cash
To do anything rash,
Upsetting the Balance of Power!

Now B on some convenient day
Will make a secret league with A,
In which they practically say
They'll go for C together.

The secret, being one of State,
Is certain to evaporate,
And C may soon anticipate
Extremely sultry weather.
Then C his neighbours will fatigue
With patriotic base intrigue,
Until he makes a secret league
With each of both the others;
So any two to fight are loth,
Because the third is bound by oath
To fight against and for them both,
As enemies and brothers!

And this is the Balance of Power,
Diplomacy's climax and flower;
If we did not surmise
We were all telling lies,
We should all be at war in an hour!
The war-clouds may threaten and lower,
But never will burst in a shower,
For you cannot depend
On a foe or a friend,
When it comes to the Balance of Power!

Adrian Ross



W
HEATH
ROBINSON

SUMMER IS A-COMING IN.

Drawn by
W. HEATH ROBINSON



GENEROSITY.

TENANT: "Look here, landlord, the whole of our house-wall has bulged out on one side about two foot."

LANDLORD: "My dear sir, make yourself quite easy. I know, of course, it renders the house that much larger—but, don't you worry—I shan't raise the rent!"

Drawn by
LAWSON WOOD.



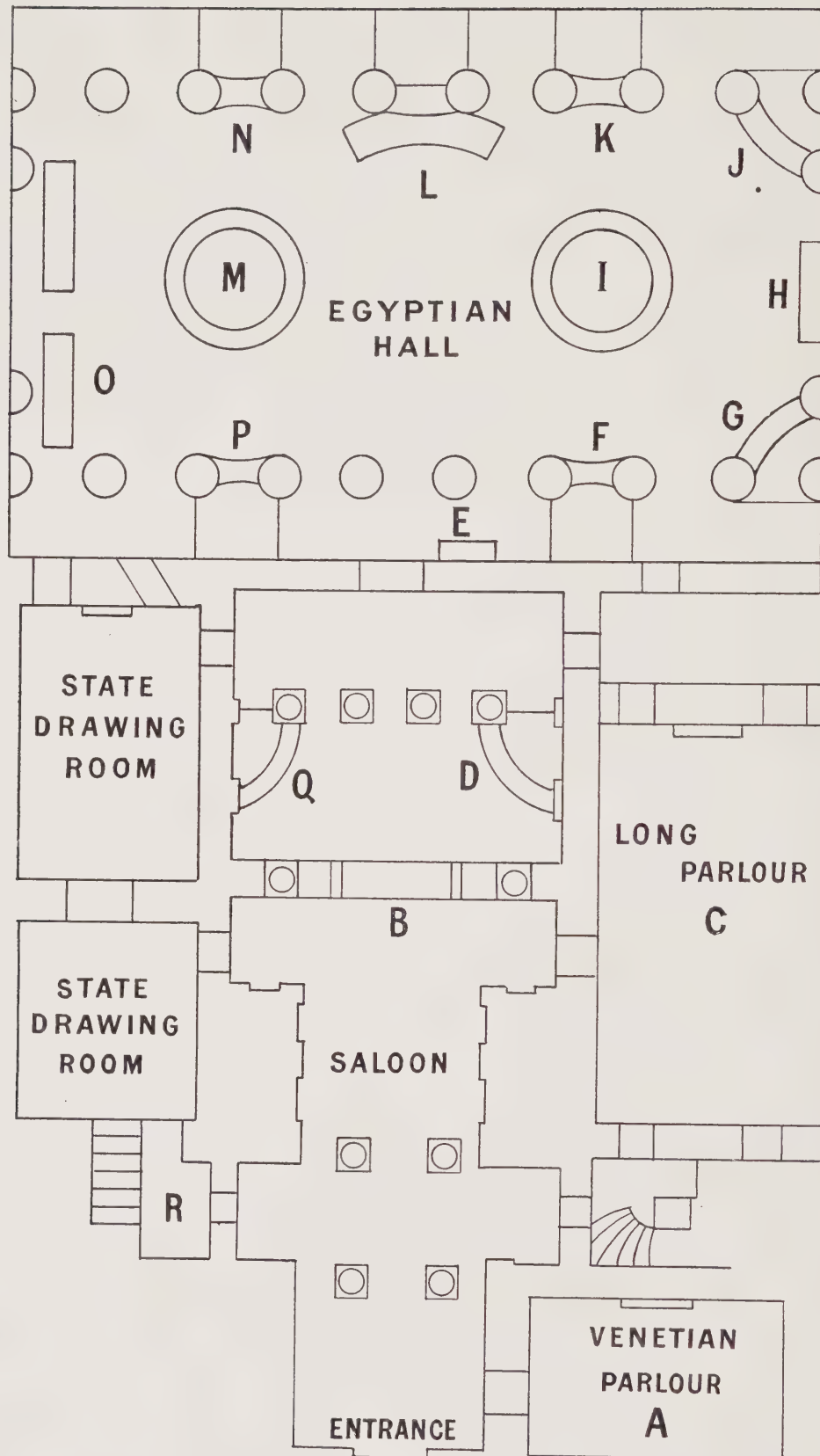
A STUDY OF SIX.

Drawn by
H. G. WELLS.



THE HAIRDRESSERS.

Drawn by
STARR WOOD.



PLAN OF THE MANSION HOUSE FOR THE QUEEN'S FÊTE.

Guide to the Fête.

KEEP to the right throughout the journey, and visit first, if you please, the Venetian Parlour (A), where the wonderful gold plate belonging to the Mansion House is on view. Proceeding to the Saloon, you go in the direction of Old Temple Bar (B), set up as a generous gift to the Fête by Messrs. Waring and Gillow, Ltd., who have also undertaken the decoration of the Egyptian Hall. On the right in the Long Parlour (C) teas are served under the direction of the Countess Howe; the charge is two shillings, and there is a limit of time for use of the tables, but no limit has been fixed to the gratuity which may be handed to lady waitresses for the Fund. Returning, you meet beyond Old Temple Bar the Lady Mayoress in charge of a stall (D) of beautiful flowers and fruit. The entrance to

THE EGYPTIAN HALL.

leads to a stall (E) under the direction of Mrs. Longman, where copies of this Book of the Fête may be obtained, and if desired posted without trouble to friends. The stall (F) with foreign goods is in charge of H.R.H. the Princess Alexander of Teck. The men's stall (G) is in the care of Lady Faudel-Phillips; the tombola stall (H) has already received its full meed of patronage. The American Embassy stall (I), organised by Mrs. Ronalds with Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, Miss Reid, Mrs. Ridgely Carter, Miss Carter, Mrs. Gibbons, Mrs. Cloman, and a number of other charming and enterprising ladies, has a good and special claim on your attention. The Duchess of Somerset at a stall for fine arts (J) is assisted by the Duchess of Norfolk, the Duchess of Westminster, Countess Bathurst, and Lady Marjorie Manners. H.R.H. the Princess Henry of Battenberg presides over an oriental stall (K), on the right of the Queen's chair (L), H.R.H. the Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein has a stall for silks on the left (N). The French Embassy stall (M) is managed by the Comte de Lastours, and presiding over this very attractive and interesting detail of the Fête are Madame Geoffroy, Madame Auzépy, the Comtesse de Manneville, the Marquise de la Bégassière, the Comtesse de Lastours, and the Comtesse de Monthalon. The wedding and birthday presents stall (O) has the help of the Lady Lilian Grenfell, the Hon. Mrs. Gilbert Johnstone, Lady Henderson, Lady Wernher, the Lady Alwyne Compton, Lady Greenwell, Mrs. H. D. Jefferson, and Mrs. Eckstein. H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany takes control of the stall (P) for sale of china and glass; artistic glass is a feature of this, and the articles include Royal Worcester, Coalport, and Limoges china, with cheaper pottery in Old English pattern.

Returning to the Saloon, there is to be noted the Marchioness of Salisbury's miscellaneous stall (Q), with the Countess of Dudley, Lady Ellis, and Lady Strong assisting. The staircase (R) leads up to the

OLD BALL ROOM.

Here you find, under the management of Mr. Edward Terry and Mr. Graham Browne, a series of admirable twenty minutes' entertainments given by such distinguished folk as Mr. George Alexander, Mr. Lewis Waller, Miss Lilian Braithwaite, and Mr. Harry Fragson. Mr. Leslie Lambert provides an exhibition of sleight of hand. Elsewhere, Mr. B. Kronstand, the Swedish artist, produces lightning portraits, Mr. Louis Wain draws cats, one of the finest gramophones in the world gives you the voices of Patti, Melba, Caruso. Miss Cowper Coles has arranged a set of old English dances to be performed by her pupils, who, on the first day, have the honour of dancing before the Queen.

You will be glad, on coming down the staircase, of the reminder that in the Long Parlour (C) teas are still being served.

Programmes of Variety Entertainments.

*(In the Old Ballroom,
Upstairs.)*

Under the direction of
Edward Terry and Graham Browne.

THURSDAY, June 13th.

FRANKLIN CLIVE	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	Song
Miss LILIAN BRAITHWAITE	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	Recitation
LESLIE LAMBERT	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	Conjuring
Miss HELEN MAR	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	Stories
LEWIS WALLER ...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	Recitation
HARRY FRAGSON	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	Songs, etc.

FRIDAY, June 14th.

Miss HELEN MAR	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	Stories
GEORGE ALEXANDER	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	Recitation
Mdlle. MARIE DE NYS	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	Recitation
HARRY FRAGSON	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	Songs, etc.

SATURDAY, June 15th.

DAVID BISPHAM...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	Song
Miss KITTY CHEATHAM	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	Songs
LESLIE LAMBERT	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	Conjuring
STERLING MACKINLAY	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	Song
HARRISON HILL	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	Songs



THE WORLD-FAMED

Angelus Piano

PIANO & PLAYER COMBINED



As purchased by Royalty and the Greatest Musicians.

THE MELODANT,

The wonderful new Expression Device.

The MELODANT makes the melody or "air" predominate over the accompaniment, and each note in the central or inspired part of the composition is given its proper value even when such note or notes occur in the midst of a full chord. This is accomplished by extra marginal perforations in the specially prepared Melodant music-rolls, which act upon the internal working of the Angelus. The Original Invention, imitated but never equalled, the Angelus Pneumatic Piano-Player has been continuously developed by its originators. It is peculiarly fitting, therefore, that their accomplishment should now be crowned by the creation of the MELODANT.

THE PHRASING LEVER

Gives Freedom and Individuality to the Performer.

"The Heart of the Angelus," as it has been well called, puts life and vitality into the music the ANGELUS plays, reflecting the greatest depths of artistic feeling or the lightest passing fancy of the player, making the ANGELUS human under his touch.

Tempo and Melody are supreme in Musical Interpretation.

To see and hear the ANGELUS Melodant is to realize its infinite superiority. The ANGELUS BRINSMEAD PIANO Unique combination of Two World-renowned Instruments. The established reputation and high standard of the ANGELUS Player and BRINSMEAD Piano ensure pre-eminent artistic qualities of tone, expression, and the perfection of touch, and repetition, also the maximum of reliability and durability. The ANGELUS is also embodied in Pianos by several other eminent makers. THE ANGELUS PIANO-PLAYER (in cabinet form) will play any Piano, and can be removed from the Piano in a moment. It ANGELUS. The ANGELUS gives you the means of playing your own Piano perfectly, placing you on a level with the greatest Pianist. *You are invited to call or write for Illustrated Catalogue No. 84.*

HERBERT MARSHALL, Dept 84, Angelus Hall, Regent House, 233 Regent St. London, W.

The dawn of a new era in Motor Car Construction,
— Electric Power for Long-distance Cars. —

MERCÉDÈS

PETROL-ELECTRIC CARS

45 h.p. 75 h.p. 135 h.p.

No Accumulators.

No Gear or Gear Box.

No Differential.

No Clutch.

No Live Axle.

No Chain.

12a, SAVILE ROW, LONDON, W.

Telephones: 8719 Gerrard. 3517 Mayfair.

Telegrams: CEDESMIXT, London.

Programme of Music

To be performed by the

String Band of the Royal Artillery

(By kind permission of the Commanding Officer).

Conductor . . Mr. E. C. STRETTON, Bandmaster R.A.

THURSDAY.

1.	MARCH ...	...	...	...	"Semper Fideles"	...	...	...	...	Sousa
2.	OVERTURE ...	...	...	...	"Raymond"	...	...	...	...	Thomas
3.	VALSE ...	...	...	...	"Luna"	...	...	...	...	Lincke
4.	SELECTION ...	...	...	...	"The Little Michus"	...	...	...	...	Messenger
5.	SERENADE ...	...	...	...	"Napolitaine"	...	...	...	...	Elsen
6.	SONG ...	...	...	...	"I'll Sing thee Songs of Araby"	...	...	...	...	Clay
7.	ENTR'ACTE ...	...	...	...	"La Lettre de Manon"	...	...	...	...	Gillet
8.	REMINISCENCES OF THE SAVOY	...	...	...	"Le Régiment de Sambre et Meuse"	...	...	...	...	Sullivan
9.	MARCH ...	...	...	...	"Phil"	...	...	...	...	Turlet
10.	OVERTURE ...	...	...	...	"A mi Querida"	...	...	...	...	Gauwin
11.	VALSE ...	...	...	...	"The Cingalee"	...	...	...	...	Monckton
12.	SELECTION ...	...	...	...	"An Evening Breeze"	...	...	...	...	Langey
13.	IDYLL ...	...	...	...	"Killarney"	...	...	...	...	Balfe
14.	SONG (Cornet Solo) ...	...	...	...	"Köningin Christine"	...	...	...	...	Schmid
15.	GAVOTTE ...	...	...	...	"Tannhäuser"	...	...	...	...	Wagner
16.	SELECTION ...	...	...	...	"GOD SAVE THE KING."	...	...	...	...	

FRIDAY.

1.	MARCH ...	...	...	...	"La Petite Tonkinoise"	...	...	...	...	Scotto Christine
2.	OVERTURE ...	...	...	...	"Ein Deutsches Dichterleben"	...	...	...	...	Till
3.	VALSE ...	...	...	...	"Une Folie de Pesth"	...	...	...	...	Camillo
4.	SELECTION ...	...	...	...	"Duchess of Dantzic"	...	...	...	...	Caryll
5.	...	...	...	...	"Spring Song"	...	...	...	...	Mendelssohn
6.	IDYLL ...	...	...	...	"The Mill in the Black Forest"	...	...	...	...	Eilenberg
7.	SPANISH SERENADE ...	...	...	...	"La Paloma"	...	...	...	...	Yradier
8.	SELECTION ...	...	...	...	"Faust"	...	...	...	...	Gounod
9.	MARCH ...	...	...	...	"Komm Carline"	...	...	...	...	Ascher
10.	OVERTURE ...	...	...	...	"Mirella"	...	...	...	...	Gounod
11.	VALSE ...	...	...	...	"Lysistrata"	...	...	...	...	Lincke
12.	SELECTION ...	...	...	...	"The Spring Chicken"	...	...	...	...	Caryll-Monckton
13.	MORCEAU ...	...	...	...	"Chant sans Paroles"	...	...	...	...	Tschaikowsky
14.	LIED ...	...	...	...	"Der Letzte Gruss"	...	...	...	...	Komzak
15.	DANSE STYRIAN ...	...	...	...	"Czardas VI."	...	...	...	...	Michiels
16.	INCIDENTAL MUSIC ...	...	...	...	"Monsieur Beaucaire"	...	...	...	...	Rosse
					"GOD SAVE THE KING."	...	...	...	...	

SATURDAY.

1.	MARCH ...	...	...	...	"Des Maitres d'Armes"	...	...	...	...	Gauwin
2.	OVERTURE ...	...	...	...	"Morning, Noon and Night"	...	...	...	...	Suppé
3.	VALSE ...	...	...	...	"Gold und Silber"	...	...	...	...	Lehar
4.	SELECTION ...	...	...	...	"Véronique"	...	...	...	...	Messenger
5.	MORCEAU ...	...	...	...	"Salut d'Amour"	...	...	...	...	Elgar
6.	CZARDAS ...	...	...	...	"No. 2"	...	...	...	...	Michiels
7.	...	...	...	...	"La Serenata"	...	...	...	...	Moszkowski
8.	SELECTION ...	...	...	...	"Carmen"	...	...	...	...	Bizet
9.	MARCH ...	...	...	...	"The Bride-Elect"	...	...	...	...	Sousa
10.	VALSE ...	...	...	...	"Fiançailles"	...	...	...	...	Wesly
11.	SELECTION ...	...	...	...	"The Catch of the Season"	...	...	...	...	Haines Baker
12.	SERENADE ...	...	...	...	"La Sizilietta"	...	...	...	...	Von Blon
13.	UNGARISCHER TANZE	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	Brahms
14.	SONG (Cornet Solo) ...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	Schubert
15.	OVERTURE ...	...	...	...	"Lutspiel"	...	...	...	...	Gade
16.	SELECTION ...	...	...	...	"The Gondoliers"	...	...	...	...	Sullivan
					"GOD SAVE THE KING."	...	...	...	...	

ELKINGTON SILVERWARE

*For
Presents.*

Catalogues Free.

Selections on Approval.



Elkington "Rose" pattern Afternoon Tea Set, Sterling Silver, £8 8s. 0d.; Elkington Plate, £4 7s. 6d.
NEW DESIGN.

ELKINGTON & CO., Ltd., *London Showrooms :* 22, Regent Street, S.W. 73, Cheapside, E.C.
(Below Piccadilly Circus.)

BIRMINGHAM—	LIVERPOOL—	GLASGOW—	MANCHESTER—	NEWCASTLE—	CANADIAN AGENTS—	CALCUTTA—
Newhall St.	Lord St.	St. Vincent St.	St. Ann's Sq.	Northumberland St.	A. T. Wiley & Co., Montreal.	Esplanade.



The fascination of personally producing music can in no way be more fully realised than through the

Pianola Piano.

¶ "Player Pianos" is the generic term for instruments which can be played either by hand or by means of music-roll mechanism contained within the case. Of all such pianos the Pianola Piano is the only one offering to musicians the indispensable advantage of the Pianola and the Metrostyle. The piano part of the Pianola Piano is second to none, for it is either the Weber Piano or the Steck Piano. The Weber is the Piano used exclusively by Rosenthal on his great American tour. Grieg terms the Steck Piano "A remarkably fine instrument."

¶ The player part comprises the world-famous Pianola, and that essential and unique device, the Metrostyle. Leschetizky, the famous teacher of Paderewski, Mark Hambourg, etc., says that the Pianola "is the only piano-playing device worthy of serious consideration." The Metrostyle is considered by Paderewski to be "indispensable to the Pianola." The absolute need of the Metrostyle is owing to the fact that one must know *how* to render an unfamiliar composition, for to be note-perfect is not to say that one can play a piece as it should be played. The Metrostyle permits of reproductions of interpretations actually provided by great musicians, and can be utilised at any moment when one is in doubt as to the correctness of one's rendition. Thus any one can play music under the direction of the composer or some great exponent of the composer's work.

¶ You are invited to call and play the Pianola Piano, and we shall be glad to send you Catalogue Q.F., which gives full particulars.



The Orchestrelle Company,

Æolian Hall,

135-6-7, New Bond St., LONDON, W.

Wilson & Gill

"THE GOLDSMITHS,"

139 & 141, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.



Fine Diamond Ring, £75.



Fine Diamond Ring, £70.



Fine Diamond Marquise Ring, £300.



Fine Pearl and Diamond Ring, £250.



Fine Diamond Earrings, £45.



Fine Amethyst, Pearl and Diamond Earrings, £7 10s.



Fine Pearl and Diamond Brooch, £2 15s.



Fine Sapphire, Diamond and Pearl Pendant, £15.



Fine Diamond and Sapphire Pendant, £17.



Fine Diamond and Amethyst Necklace, £25

THE MOST
ORIGINAL STOCK
IN LONDON.

AN INSPECTION
RESPECTFULLY
SOLICITED.

COMPARISON OF PRICES.

Wilson & Gill always welcome a comparison of prices and an examination of their merchandise. This applies to their entire stock of rich as well as inexpensive jewellery, silverware, watches, clocks, and other artistic objects, on all of which their prices are as reasonable as is consistent with the standard of quality and workmanship strictly maintained by the house.

Upon advice as to requirements and limit of price, Wilson & Gill will send photographs or careful descriptions of what their stock affords, free of all obligation to purchase. To persons known to the house, or to those who will make themselves known by Bank reference or responsible business house, Wilson & Gill will send a selection from their stock.

Wilson & Gill 1907 Catalogue

will be sent to intending purchasers without charge. This catalogue contains thousands of

illustrations

of jewellery, silverware, and choice artistic objects suitable for wedding, birthday, or complimentary gifts, at fixed nett prices.

Post Order Department

Wilson & Gill's removal to their new building, 139 & 141, Regent Street, has enabled them to materially increase the scope and facilities of their Post Order Department. Patrons unable to visit the establishment are assured expeditious service and the same careful attention as is given to purchases made in person.

Wilson & Gill purchase second-hand Jewellery and Silver for cash and prepare valuations for probate.

THURSTON & CO.,

(The Parent House of the Trade—Established 1814.)

LTD.,

Billiard Table Makers.

By Special Appointment to HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII.

Warrant holders to

H.M. Queen Victoria, H.M. King William IV., H.M. King George IV.

Thurston's "Perfect" Low Cushions

TRUE TO ANGLES. NEITHER TOO FAST NOR TOO SLOW.
CAN BE FITTED TO ANY BILLIARD TABLE.

The "Perfect" Low Cushions can be attached to their great Billiard Invention—

The Patent Adamant Block

The weight and extreme hardness of the "Adamant Block" give greater solidity, which ensures that—

1. The elasticity of the rubber is more effective.
2. The cushions are rendered noiseless.
3. The EXACTLY TRUE ANGLE WILL BE MAINTAINED FOR A MUCH LONGER PERIOD than by any other means.

Speciality—Cues that will not warp.

Thurston's Tables have stood the test of a century's use in every climate and temperature, and have always retained the reputation of being reliable, accurate, and durable.

A Billiard Table should last a lifetime, therefore it is CHEAPEST to purchase the BEST.

LEICESTER SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.

Branches—CAPE TOWN, JOHANNESBURG, DURBAN, and TORONTO.

BURBERRY- PROOFS

Protect from

**WIND, RAIN, DUST,
COLD and HEAT.**

The designs, while graceful, provide great freedom for action, and form the most desirable apparel that ingenuity can devise to meet the requirements of ladies engaged in open-air pastimes.



BURBERRYS,
30 to 33, Haymarket,
— LONDON, S.W. —

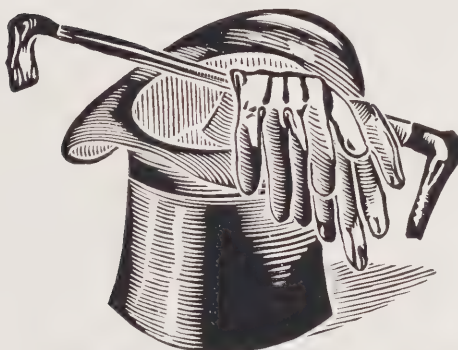
THE FASHION CENTRE OF THE WORLD.



PETER ROBINSON'S, OXFORD ST.



Hat Manufacturers to
HIS MAJESTY THE KING.



HENRY HEATH LTD

105-107-109 Oxford St
 62^a Piccadilly,

(Facing St James's Street)

By Special
Appointment to



His Majesty
KING EDWARD VII.

SECURITY

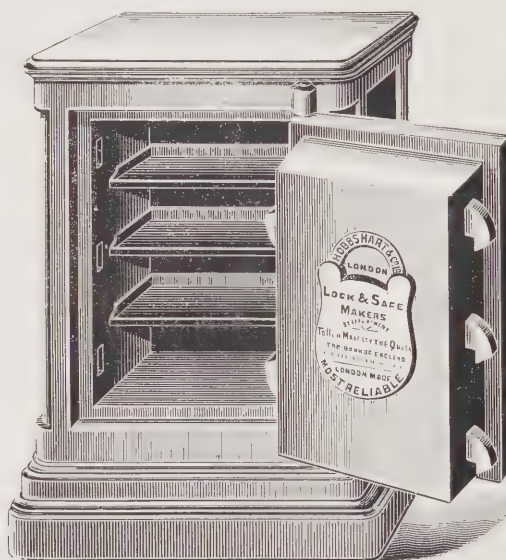
For Jewels,

Plate,

Documents, etc.

HOBBS & Co.'s SAFES

ARE THE BEST.



HOBBS, HART & CO., Ltd., 76, Cheapside, E.C.

The Alexander Clark Manufacturing Company

**Dressing
Bag
Specialists**

The Company employ over 100 Skilled Workmen in the production of the

HIGHEST
CLASS
DRESSING
BAGS and
CASES

Combining

LUXURY

and

UTILITY

PICTORIAL
CATALOGUE
ON
APPLICATION



Showrooms :

125-126, FENCHURCH STREET, E.C., and
188, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.



By Appointment to the Late
Queen Victoria.

As supplied to Royalty
and all the Nobility.

By Appointment
to
His Majesty
The
KING of ITALY.

. . Sole Makers of the Celebrated . .

MUNSTEAD FLOWER GLASSES

THE MOST USEFUL
AND POPULAR
FLOWER GLASSES
EVER INVENTED.



ILLUSTRATED . .
PRICE LIST SENT
POST FREE . . .

MADE IN WHITE GLASS.

Also Makers of

KHARTUM FLOWER GLASSES

In Green and
White Glass.

Pretty and Useful Shapes—All Sizes. Illustrated Lists Post Free.

CHINA

of every description.

CATALOGUES

upon application.

GLASS

of every description.

**DINNER SERVICES, DESSERT SERVICES, TEA SERVICES,
TOILET SETS, GLASS SERVICES, DECANTERS, JUGS, &c.**

Most Magnificent Display and Finest Showrooms in London.

TELEGRAMS: "PORCELAIN, LONDON."

TELEPHONE 5140 CENTRAL.

JAMES GREEN AND NEPHEW,

107, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, E.C.

STEINWAY AND SONS.

BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT TO

His Majesty the King.

Her Majesty the Queen.

H.I.M. the Czar of Russia.

H.I.M. the Emperor of Germany.

H.I.M. the Emperor of Austria.

H.M. the Sultan of Turkey.

H.M. the Queen of Spain.

H.M. the King of Italy.

H.M. the Shah of Persia.

H.M. the King of Sweden.

Messrs. Steinway and Sons beg to call the attention
of the musical public to their latest production,

“The Vertegrand,”

in which the most notable and exclusive of the
Steinway secrets and patents have been incorpo-
rated. Any instrument made by the firm can
be purchased by “Deferred Payments,” or hired
with option of purchase.

For full particulars call or write to

STEINWAY & SONS,

NEW YORK.

STEINWAY HALL.

LONDON.



"NUMBER ONE, LONDON."

Tea and Coffee Specialists.
Choice High-Grade Darjeeling
Afternoon Teas. (OUR OWN IMPORTATION.)

Pure China Teas.

As Recommended
by the
Medical Faculty.

ESTABLISHED
UPWARDS
OF A CENTURY.

Dakin's
Ltd.

PURE
COFFEES
OF
DELICATE
AROMA.

JAMAICA
GROWN
COFFEE
A
SPECIALITY.

THE
FINEST
IMPORTED.

Warehouse—

CORNWALL ROAD, LAMBETH, S.E.

Telephone : Hop 63.

Branches—

West End, Tele. : Gerrard 8085.

City, Tele. : Holborn 5207.

Putney and S.W. Districts, Tele. : Battersea 1375.

FREE DELIVERY DAILY BY OWN VANS ANY PART OF CITY, WEST END
AND SUBURBS.

BOLLAND'S CHESTER.

Confectioners by Royal Warrant
to His Majesty the King.



Wedding Cakes.

All sizes in Stock ready for immediate
dispatch. Specially Packed for abroad
in Tin-Lined Boxes.

By Special



Appointment.

BOLLAND'S, Chester.

Wedding Cakes as supplied
to the King and Her late
Majesty Queen Victoria.



Presentation Boxes
of
Wedding Cake.



*ILLUSTRATED
CATALOGUE
FREE.*



Wedding Cakes
made by
Command of the King
for

T.R.H. Prince and
Princess of Wales.

H.M. King Haakon
VII. and Queen Maud
of Norway.

H.H. Prince Alexander of
Teck and H.R.H. Princess
Alice of Albany.



THE QUEEN'S WEDDING CAKE.

The Cake supplied by Royal Command
on the occasion of the marriage of
His Majesty King Edward VII. and
Queen Alexandra, Windsor Castle,
March 10th, 1863.

By Special



Appointment.

BOLLAND'S, Chester.

Wedding Receptions.

Déjeuners. Ball Suppers.

Dinners. Garden Parties.

Marquees.

Temporary Rooms.



A representative will
wait upon intending
Clients to discuss
arrangements and
give estimates.



Wedding Cakes
also made for

T.R.H. Prince and
Princess Christian.

T.R.H. Duke and
Duchess of Albany.

Duke and

H.R.H. Duchess of Argyll.

T.S.H. Duke and Duchess
of Teck.

By Command of Her late
Majesty Queen Victoria.

PROTECTION FROM FIRE.

BRYANT & MAY'S

SPECIAL



PATENT

SAFETY MATCHES

HAVE SECURED
24 PRIZE MEDALS FOR EXCELLENCE.

Sole Manufacturers,

BRYANT & MAY, Ltd.,
London & Liverpool.

The 'Allenburys' Foods.



MOTHER AND CHILD.

Baby, 6½ months of age. Fed from birth on the Allenburys' Foods.

A Pamphlet on Infant Feeding and Management
(48 pages) free on request.

The 'Allenburys' Foods

The Milk Foods closely approximate in composition to human Milk, the natural and therefore best nourishment for the young infant.

They are as easy of digestion as maternal milk, and provide a perfect diet for the formation of firm flesh and strong bones.

The Milk Foods are absolutely free from any noxious germs, and hence are far superior to cow's milk as obtained in towns, especially in the summer time.

No diarrhoea, digestive or stomach troubles need be feared from the use of the "Allenburys" Foods.

The Milk Foods can be made in a moment, the addition of hot water only being necessary.

The "Allenburys" Foods are so graduated as to provide the maximum amount of nourishment that the child is able to digest at the periods of life for which the foods are respectively recommended. For the robust and delicate they are alike suitable, and children thrive upon them as on no other diet.

MILK FOOD No. 1.

From birth to 3 months.

MILK FOOD No. 2.

From 3 to 6 months.

MALTED FOOD No. 3.

From 6 months upwards.

Allen & Hanburys Ltd., 37, Lombard Street, London.

UNITED STATES—Niagara Falls, N.Y.
CANADA—66, Gerrard St. E., Toronto.

AUSTRALASIA—7, Spring Street, Sydney.
SOUTH AFRICA—38, Castle St., Cape Town.

WEDDING CAKES,

RECEPTIONS, DÉJEUNERS, DINNERS, BALL SUPPERS.

Illustrated Catalogues
and Estimates by
return of post.

WEDDING CAKES
1 to 60 Guineas.

Temporary Rooms.
Marquees.
Tents. Awnings.

+

Hire of Goods for
Parties of all kinds.

+

Glaces. Entrées.
Entremets.

+

Pâtisserie
Française
for Receptions and
Dinners.

+

Floral Decorations
... for ...

Wedding
Receptions,
At Homes.



Having greatly
increased our Stock
... of ...

Silver, China,

Tables,

Gilt Chairs,

Temporary Rooms,

Marquees,

&c.,

we are now
prepared to make
contracts for all

Functions,

Balls,

Garden Parties,

&c.,

for any number of

Guests up to

3,500 per day.

L. BARBELLION,

*French Confectioner
and Caterer.*

79 New Bond St., W.
70-72 Queen's Road,
BAYSWATER.

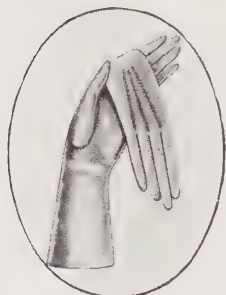
34 Harrington Road,
and S.W.
BRIGHTON.

DELICIOUS
MAZAWATTEE
 TEA.



**THE PREMIER TEA
 OF THE WORLD.**

THE LONDON GLOVE COMPANY'S



CELEBRATED GLOVES

ARE OF WORLD-WIDE RENOWN.



UNEQUALLED VALUE.

UNEQUALLED VARIETY.

"VALLIER"

(GOLD MEDAL)

WASHABLE
KID AND .
SUÈDE GLOVES.

STAINLESS . .
BLACK SUÈDE
GLOVES. . . .

MOTORING GLOVES .
In great variety.



KID GLOVES.
SUÈDE.
CHEVRETTE.
CAPE.
DOESKIN.
CASTOR.
REINDEER.
FABRIC.
ETC.



SUPPLEMENTARY DEPARTMENTS.

Hosiery, Underwear, Underskirts,
Feather Boas, Lace Neckwear,
Blouses, Fans, etc.

Detailed and Illustrated Price List post free on application.



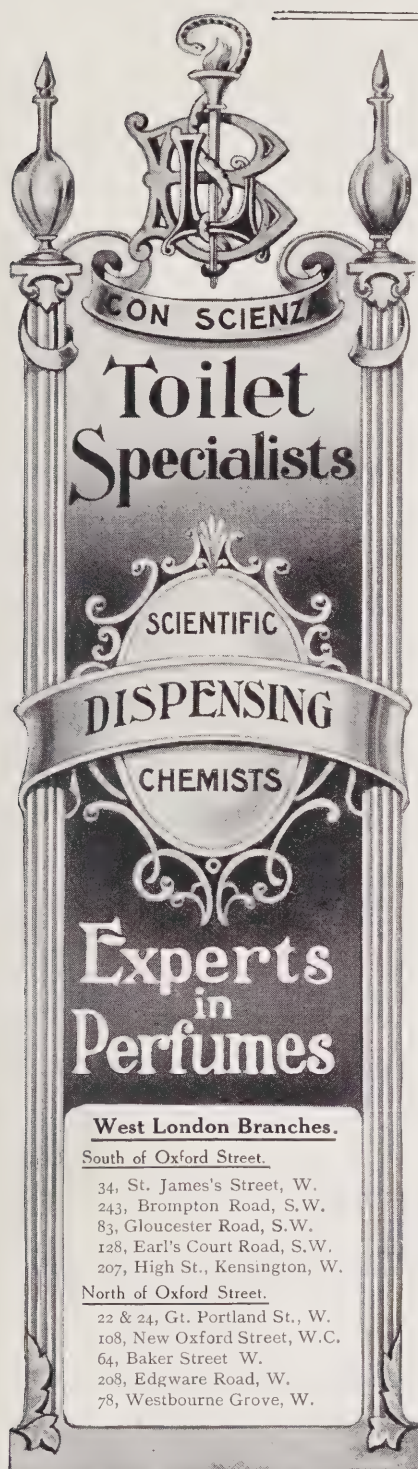
THE LONDON GLOVE COMPANY.

WEST END:

82 & 83, NEW BOND ST., W.

ONLY ADDRESSES— CITY:

45 & 45a, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.



CON SCIENZ

Toilet Specialists

SCIENTIFIC

DISPENSING

CHEMISTS

Experts in Perfumes

West London Branches.

South of Oxford Street.

34, St. James's Street, W.
243, Brompton Road, S.W.
83, Gloucester Road, S.W.
128, Earl's Court Road, S.W.
207, High St., Kensington, W.

North of Oxford Street.

22 & 24, Gt. Portland St., W.
108, New Oxford Street, W.C.
64, Baker Street W.
208, Edgware Road, W.
78, Westbourne Grove, W.

LEWIS & BURROWS LTD.

Toilet Delights

BOUQUET ETIOLA (COLONNE).

A unique and subtle perfume, exceptionally fragrant and persistent.

2/-, 3/10, & 7/- per bottle.

FLEUR de TILLEUL (COLONNE).

Genuine Lime Tree Blossom.

A wonderful distillation.

2/-, 3/10, & 7/- per bottle.



Violets for the Bath

An Ideal Bath Perfume and Water Softener.

1/-, 1/11, 3/6, & 6/- per barrel.

The above are sent Carriage Paid to all parts of the United Kingdom.

Head Offices:

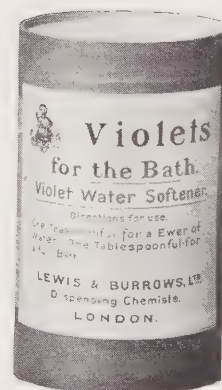
22 and 24,

Great Portland St., W.

Telegrams—"Dispensed, London."
Telephone—5453 Gerrard.

General Manager:

ERNEST W. GOUGH, Member of the Pharmaceutical Society.



Established
1760.



By Appointment to
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

John Gosnell & Co., Ltd.

Perfumers and Fine Soap Makers.

213, 214, 215, Blackfriars Road, S.E.

Specialities . . .

CHERRY
BLOSSOM

and **FAMORA**

Perfume, Toilet Powder, Soap, &c., &c.

THE LATEST SPECIALITY:

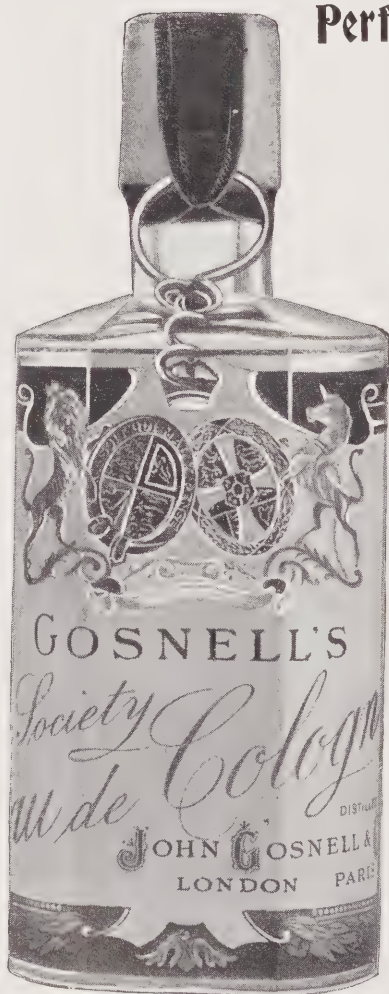
“Society———
Eau de Cologne.”

An Ideal Eau de Cologne, highly recommended as indispensable to use either pure or in water, for the toilet and bath.

Unequalled in strength, delicacy and aroma.

IN 4oz., 9oz., and 17oz. BOTTLES.

2/-, 4/- and 7/6 EACH.



W. & G. BUSZARD.

*Wedding Receptions, At Homes, Dinners,
Ball Suppers, Evening Parties, &c.,*

CATERED FOR IN FIRST-CLASS STYLE.

Marquees, Tents, Awnings, Plate, Glass, China, &c.,

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION LENT ON HIRE. ESTIMATES FREE.

HANDSOME FANCY BOXES, filled with Dessert Sweets and Chocolates,
and tied with Rich Satin Ribbon, suitable for Presents. * * * *

HIGH-CLASS DESSERT SWEETS, CHOCOLATES & BONBONS.

Wedding Cakes.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE SENT GRATIS UPON APPLICATION.

LUNCHEON HAMPERS FOR THE RIVER, RACES, PICNICS, &c.

HOME-MADE LEMONADE made from FRESH LEMONS.

Ices, Jellies, Creams, Soufflées, Charlotte Russe, &c.

Dundee Cakes, Rich Cakes, Petits Fours, Fours Glacés, Assorted French
Pastry, Fancy Cakes and Biscuits for Afternoon Tea, Receptions, &c.

Soups, Entrées, Galantines, &c.

Grand Refreshment Salon.

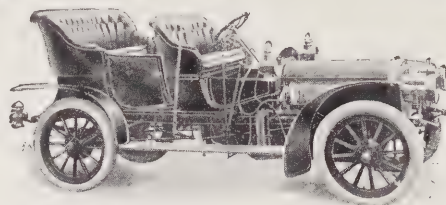
LUNCHEONS and TEAS served daily.

Open until 6.30 p.m. on Saturdays for Tea after Matinees.

197 & 199, Oxford St., London, W.

Telegraphic Address :—"BUSZARD, LONDON."

Telephone :—No. 5212 GERRARD.



10-12 h.p. - £325.

14-16 h.p. - £375.

12-14 h.p. £340.

16-20 h.p. - £475.

Argyll & Car

Reliability is not merely an average,

but the result of the perfection of every separate particular—every essential detail. To-day the famous Scottish Car, the "ARGYLL," stands as the last word of scientific mechanical skill. Its records prove beyond question that it is Reliable at all times. Scrupulous care in the manufacturing of every detail down to the smallest nut places it in the van of things enduring. To know the true joy of motoring, which is being able to get from Here to There with comfort, speed, and certainty, invest in an "ARGYLL."

SEND FOR THE
CATALOGUE.

London Agents—
ARGYLLS LONDON, Ltd.,
17, NEWMAN STREET, W.

ARGYLL MOTORS, LTD., ALEXANDRIA & GLASGOW.



By Appointment to
H.M. Queen Alexandra.

THE

GRAMOPHONE

Amongst the most celebrated Artists in the world who have made Gramophone Records are

MELBA

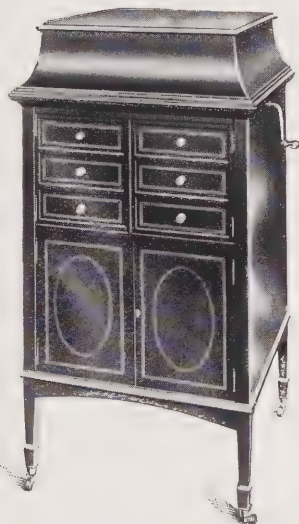
Donalda
Destinn
Boninsegna
Selma Kurz
Eames
Sembrich
Farrar
Knüpfer-Egli
Parkina
Perceval Allen
Alice Esty
De Lucia
Titta Ruffo
Renaud

CARUSO

Amy Castles
Scotti
Tamagno
Battistini
Journet

PATTI

Herold
Ancona
Carl Jorn
Knupfer
Edward Lloyd
Evan Williams
John Harrison
Hirwen Jones
Robert Radford
Andrew Black
Lane Wilson
Charles Santley
Plunket Greene
Peter Dawson

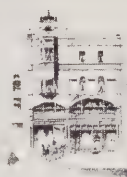


The "GRAMOPHONE GRAND."



On Receipt of post card we will send Catalogues and name of nearest dealer.

The GRAMOPHONE & TYPEWRITER Ltd., 21, City Road, London, E.C.



The Berkefeld Filter Co. Ltd.

127 Oxford Street

LONDON, W.

TUBIPORES

TELEPHONE

111 3884 GERRARD Date as Postmark 190

CONTRACTORS
TO H.M.S. GOVERNMENT

THE
BERKEFELD FILTER
PATENT

GERM PROOF



MADE IN A

VARIETY OF PATTERNS

AS

PRESSURE PUMP

DRIP & SYPHON

FILTERS

SPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR

DOMESTIC INDUSTRIAL

AND

MANUFACTURING PURPOSES

WINCO

Registered Trade Mark

SEMI ROTARY

WING PUMPS.

DOUBLE & QUADRUPLE

ACTING

SUITABLE

FOR

ALL PURPOSES

Dear Sir or Madam,

Pure water is absolutely essential in every

house. Water supplied by the Water Companies cannot
be relied upon as safe for

DRINKING PURPOSES.

The "Berkefeld" Filter can be relied upon and
has been supplied to innumerable Private Houses, Hos-
pitals, Hotels etc., and to

THE ROYAL YACHT

for

T.M. The KING & QUEEN'S

Mediterranean Cruise.

Have you a "Berkefeld" Filter in your House?

Do you want Pure Water for yourself and your child-
ren? May we post you free of charge an Illustrated

Price List?

Yours faithfully,

The BERKEFELD FILTER Co., Ltd.





By Appointment to Their Majesties The King and Queen.

WINSOR & NEWTON, Ltd.

THE CHOICEST

Colours and Materials

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES
POST FREE.

FOR
ARTISTS.

Offices: Rathbone Place, London, W.

New York Branch: 298, BROADWAY.



More Time!

That is what you want.

A REMINGTON TYPEWRITER will make more time for you by saving you hours of letter-writing.

May we have the pleasure of submitting one of our New Model Machines fitted with a type suitable for private correspondence ?

Write, call or 'phone for fuller particulars.

REMINGTON TYPEWRITER COMPANY,
100, Gracechurch Street, E.C. (*Two minutes from Mansion House*).
322, Regent Street, W. (*West End Branch*).



DUNVILLE'S WHISKY.

Since 1808.

The Lancet says: "It is remarkably free from the ordinary impurities of whisky, and it contains no sweetening matter. The flavour is characteristic of Irish Whisky, 'smooth' and delicately malty, and the colour somewhat pale."

ROYAL IRISH DISTILLERIES, BELFAST.

LONDON OFFICE :

239 & 241, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, W.C.



THE 'NUGGET' POLISHES

AS USED IN THE ROYAL HOUSEHOLDS.



IN BLACK

AND BROWN.

GIVE A BRILLIANT LASTING POLISH.

FREE FROM ALL INJURIOUS SUBSTANCES.

DO NOT COME OFF IN WET WEATHER, SOIL THE DRESS OR CLOG THE BRUSH.



THE "NUGGET" WHITE CLEANER.

The "NUGGET" WHITE CLEANER has been thoroughly tested and found to be the finest White on the market for White Buckskin, Canvas and Kid.

The "NUGGET" BOOT CREAMS are specially made with selected ingredients that do not separate, and they are not affected by climatic changes.

The "NUGGET" POLISHES and OUTFITS were the first on the market and are still the most popular.



THE "NUGGET" BOOT CREAMS.

Chief Offices and Factories:

KENNINGTON OVAL, LONDON, S.E.

BRANCH OFFICES AND AGENCIES IN EVERY CIVILISED COUNTRY.



By Warrant of Appointment to His Majesty the King, H.R.H. the Prince of Wales,
and to Her late Majesty Queen Victoria.

Established 1798.

Estimates and Plans furnished.

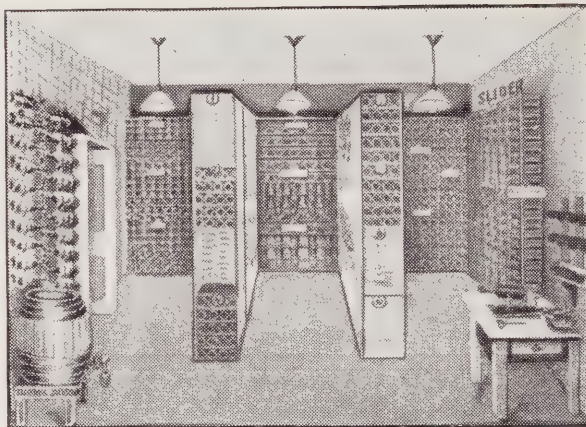
FARROW & JACKSON, Ltd.,



Manufacturers of

IRON
WINE BINS
and
CELLAR
and
DECANTING
REQUISITES

CATALOGUES
POST FREE.



Mineral Water
Machinery, and
Equipment for
Clubs, Hotels,
Military and
Naval Messes, &c.,
Patent Corkscrews
and Stoppers,
Cobbler Mixers and
Iced Drink
Appliances,
Decanting
Machines, &c.

8, Haymarket, S.W., and 16, Great Tower Street, E.C., London.



John Begg's Scotch Whisky

A ROYAL STIMULANT.



1903.
By Royal Warrant to
H.R.H. The Prince of
Wales.



To His Majesty the King by Special Appointment.



1848-1900.
By Royal Warrant to
Her Late Majesty
Queen Victoria.

JOHN BEGG has had the Royal Warrants for
nearly 60 years.

JOHN BEGG has supplied all the Royal Palaces
for 60 years.

*The Royal Lochnagar Distillery, belonging to John Begg, is situated
on the King's Scotch Estate, Balmoral Castle.*



MOËT & CHANDON, ÉPERNAY.

The "Dry Imperial" Champagne shipped by this house is the produce of their own Vineyards.

MARTELL'S

V.O.	7/- per bottle.	E.S.O.P. (over 40 years in cask),	15/6 per bottle.
V.S.O.P.	9/- „	EXTRA (over 50 years in cask)	25/- „

LIQUEUR BRANDIES

AGE DOES NOT ENSURE QUALITY—BUT
MARTELL'S GUARANTEE DOES.

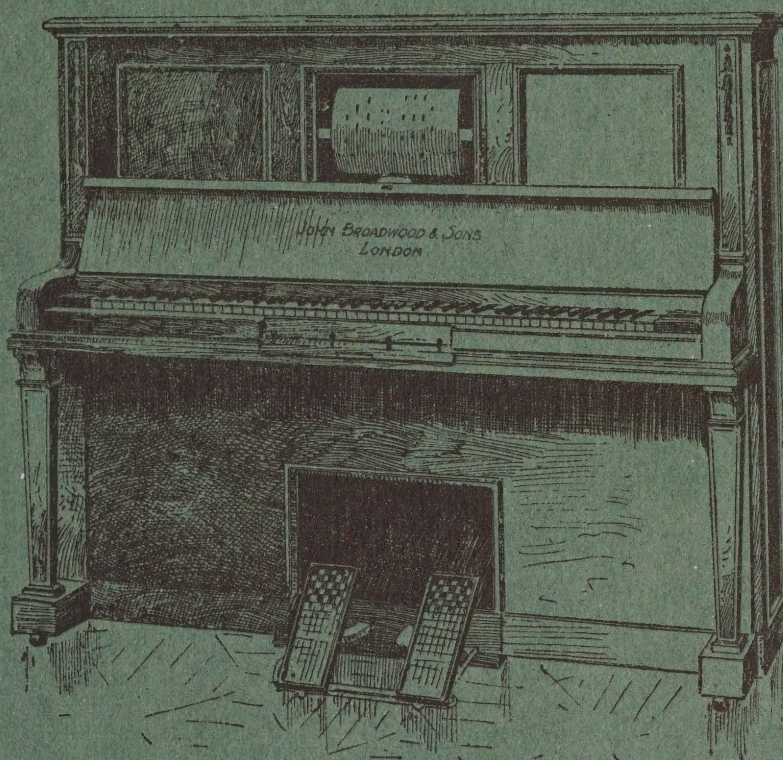


"The Pianoforte and the Ability to Play it."

"To overcome the many disadvantages of detachable Piano Players"—

John Broadwood & Sons' Player Piano

(Broadwood's Latest Manufacture) combines a Player with the most recent models of Broadwood Pianofortes, constructed with, and forming an integral part of, the instrument. It can be played with the Player mechanism, or changed in a moment for use as an ordinary Piano. The Player mechanism interferes in no way with the Pianoforte, thus adding to the Pianoforte—the ability to Play it.



Every note of the Player has an independent action, which eliminates all complications.

Any Standard Music Rolls can be used. The instrument can be purchased for cash, or on the deferred payment system. Every Instrument is guaranteed to maintain the reputation which has attached to the name of **BROADWOOD** for nearly 200 years.

The Broadwood Player

(Admitted by experts to be the most sensitive ever produced)

Is the only one in which the Wood-work, Metal-work, and Action are, together with the Piano, entirely constructed in

One Factory, under One Supervision.

Models may be seen at the Showrooms of

John Broadwood & Sons, Ltd., CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.,

Or complete Illustrated Catalogue with full particulars may be had on application.



DAIMLER

MOTOR CARRIAGES.

Lowest Price per Horse Power
of any High Class Car . . .

